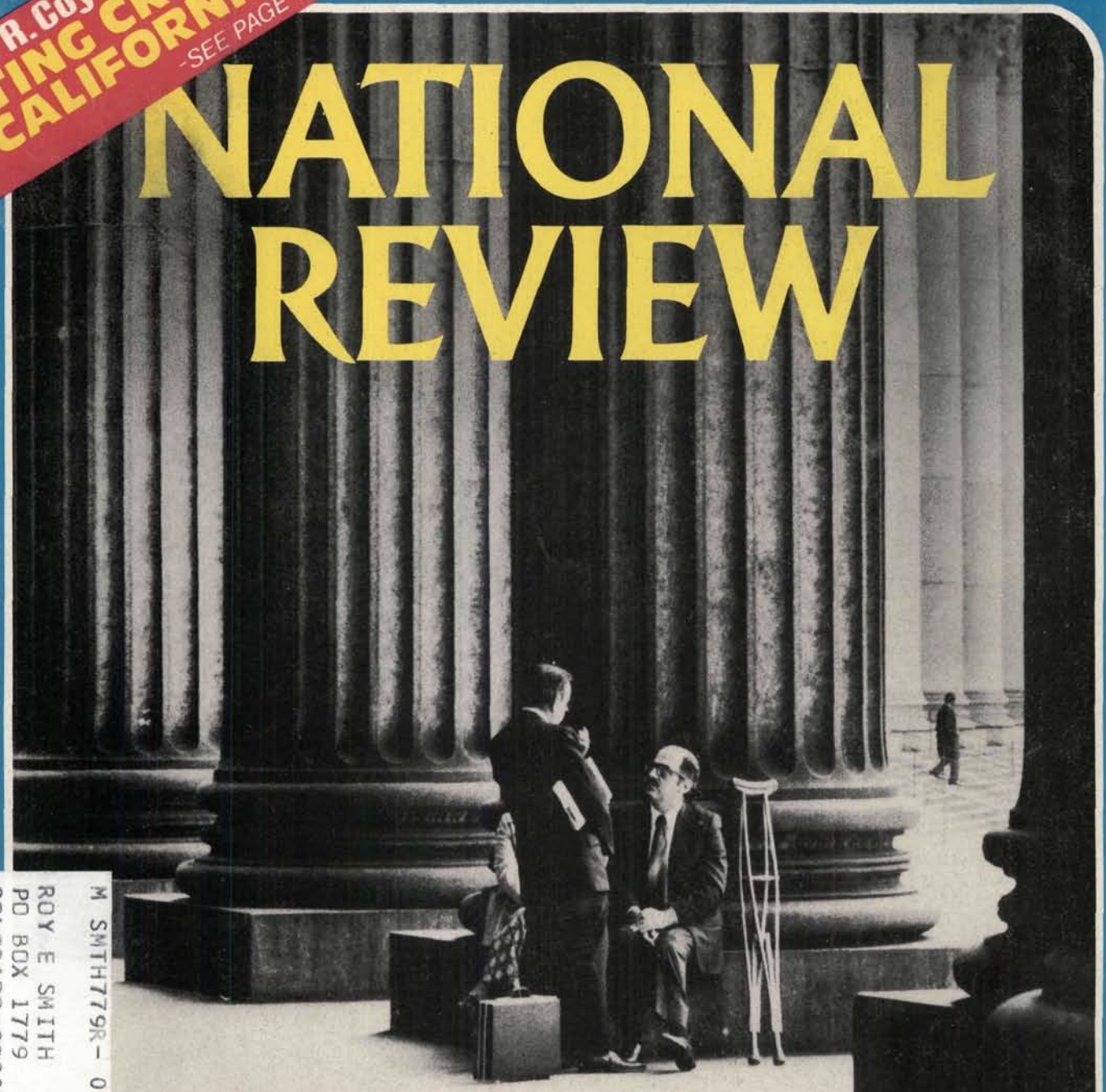
RICE 75¢

JULY 9, 1976

John R. Coyne on:
EATING CROW
IN CALIFORNIA
-SEE PAGE 724

NATIONAL REVIEW



M SMTH779R- 012 7613 - 1 38 -
ROY E SMITH
PO BOX 1779
COLORADO SPGS CO 80901

MALPRACTICE INSURANCE:
A WAY OUT?

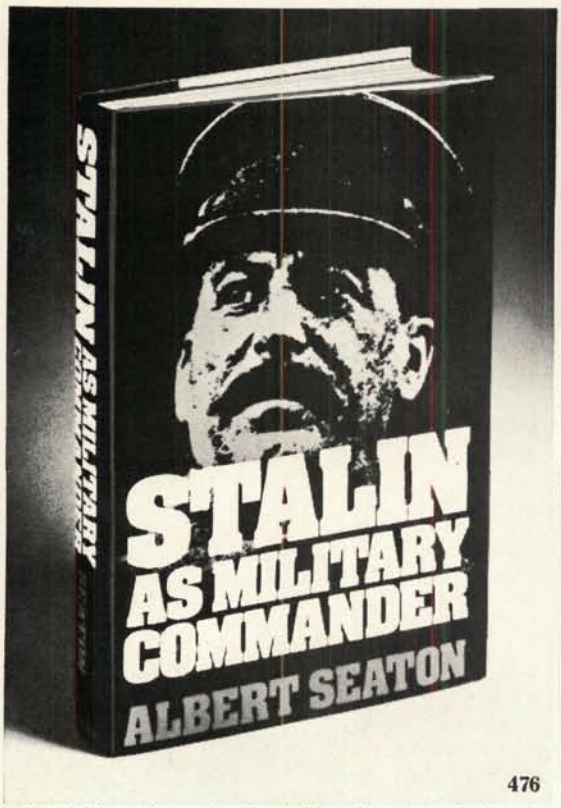
Godfrey Schmidt

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE:

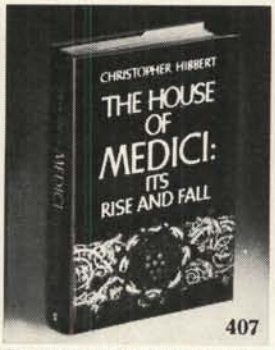
Colm Brogan ♦ M. Stanton Evans
D. Keith Mano
M.J. Sobran Jr.
Linda Bridges

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

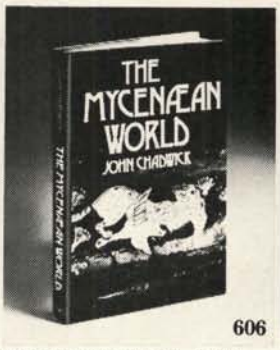
26 engrossing books



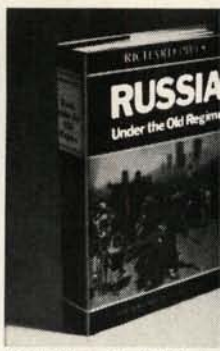
Stalin as Military Commander. *By Albert Seaton.* The military triumphs and defeats of the leader whose daring and power made him "master" of the Kremlin. $15.00/**$9.95**



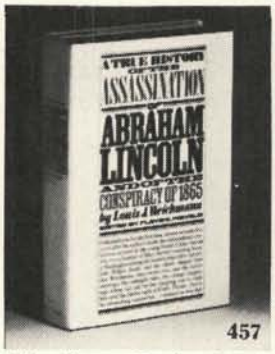
The House of Medici. *By Christopher Hibbert.* The remarkable Florentine family which influenced four centuries of history. $12.50/**$8.95**



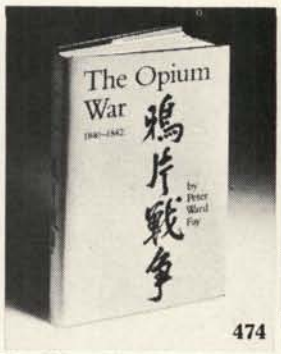
The Mycenaean World. *By John Chadwick.* A vivid reconstruction of pre-classical Greece based on the decipherment of ancient tablets. $17.95/**$11.95**



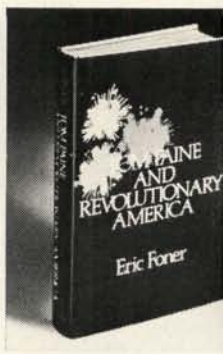
Russia Under the Old Regim *Richard Pipes.* Analysis of 1000 of Russian growth. $17.50/$



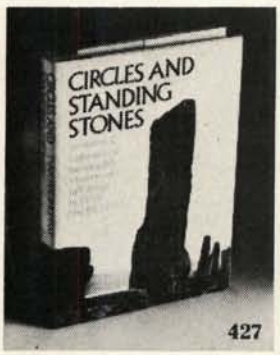
A True History of the Assassination of Abraham Lincoln. *By Louis Weichmann.* An account of the conspiracy of 1865 by the chief government witness at the plotters' trial. $15.00/**$9.95**



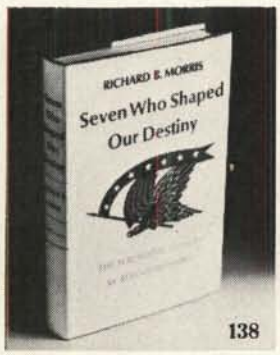
The Opium War 1840-1842. *By Peter Ward Fay.* The bloody military campaign that forced "the opening of China." $14.95/**$9.90**



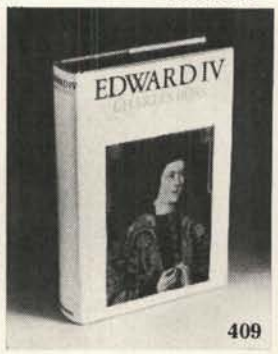
Tom Paine And Revolution America. *By Eric Foner.* Pa radicalism and its relationshi the political and social change the time. $13.95/$



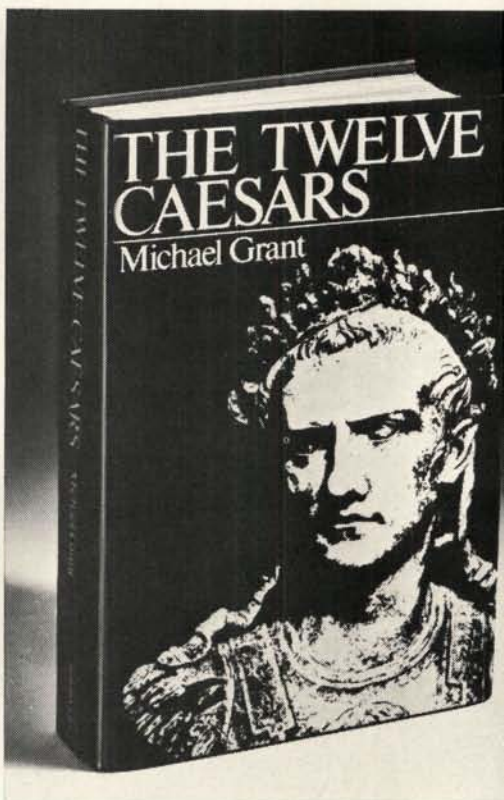
Circles and Standing Stones. *By Evan Hadingham.* Megalith mysteries of early Britain. 152 photos, maps, diagrams, plans. $12.50/**$8.75**



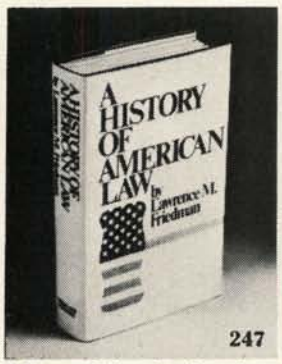
Seven Who Shaped Our Destiny: The Founding Fathers As Revolutionaries. *By Richard B. Morris.* $10.00/**$7.50**



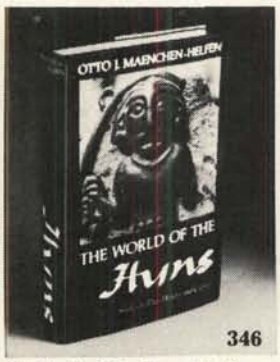
Edward IV. *By Charles Ross.* His turbulent reign, 1461-83. $25.00/**$12.95**



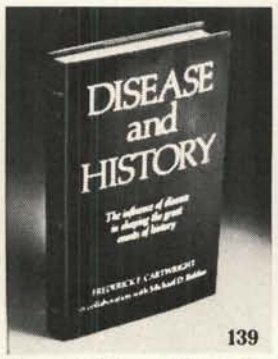
The Twelve Caesars. *By Michael Grant.* From Julius in 49 B.C. thro Domitian in 96 A.D. $12.50/$



A History of American Law. *By Lawrence M. Friedman.* The interrelationships of American law and our political and social history. $15.95/**$9.75**



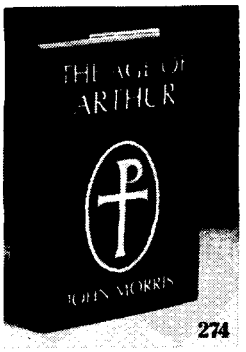
The World of the Huns: Studies in Their History and Culture. *By O. F. Maenchen-Helfen.* $20.00/**$11.50**



Disease And History. *By Frederick F. Cartwright.* The impact of epidemic and malady on the course of history. $9.95/**$7.50**

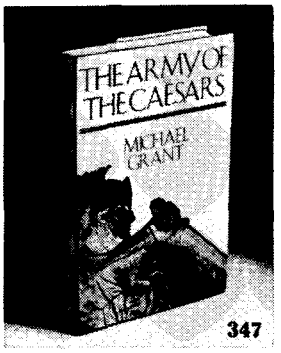
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

;istory and world affairs...



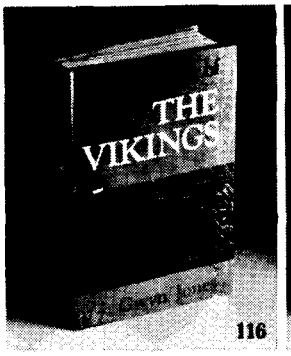
274

Age of Arthur. *By John* ;s. British history from 350- ..D. $17.50/**$11.95**



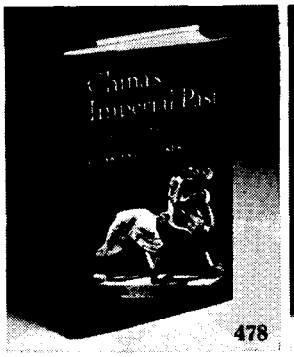
347

The Army of the Caesars. *By Michael Grant.* The Roman Imperial Army and its impact on history. $15.00/**$9.95**



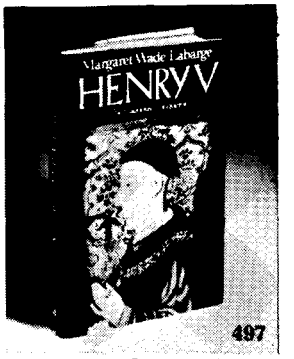
116

A History of the Vikings. *By Gwyn Jones.* From prehistory to 1066 A.D. $12.50/**$8.50**



478

China's Imperial Past: An Introduction to Chinese History and Culture. *By Charles O. Hucker.* China's remarkable achievements from prehistory to 1850. $17.50/**$11.95**



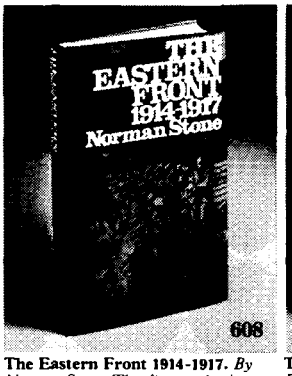
497

Henry V: The Cautious Conqueror. *By Margaret Wade Labarge.* A realistic picture of one of England's most popular rulers. $10.00/**$7.75**

Take Any 3 All For 99¢

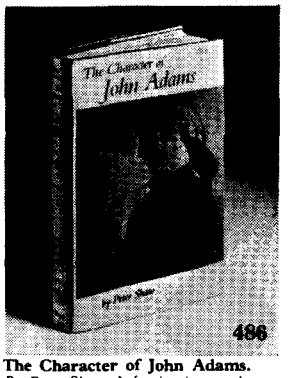
values up to $62.95 (with trial membership)

First price is publisher's list. **Boldface** shows member's price.



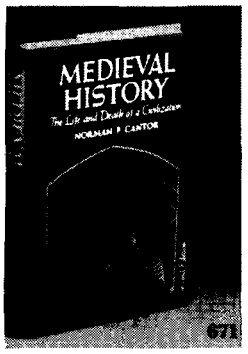
608

The Eastern Front 1914-1917. *By Norman Stone.* The first authoritative account of the Russian Front during World War I to be published in the West. $15.00/**$9.95**



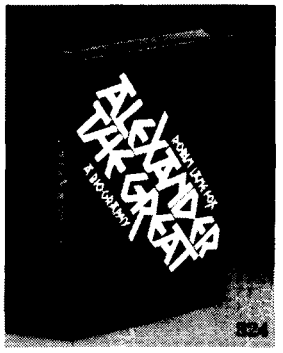
486

The Character of John Adams. *By Peter Shaw.* A fascinating study of Adams' innermost thoughts and acts. $12.95/**$8.95**



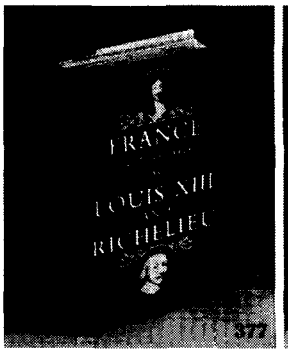
671

ieval History: The Life and th of a Civilization. *By Nor- F. Cantor.* $11.50/**$8.50**



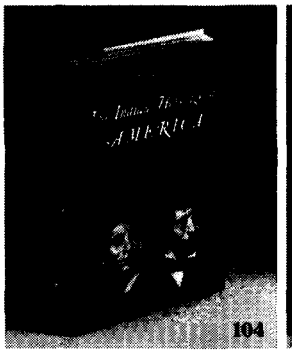
324

Alexander the Great. *By Robin Lane Fox.* Dramatic survey of the Alexandrine era. $15.00/**$9.95**



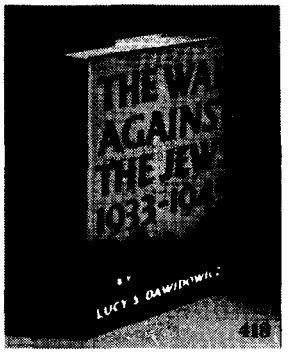
377

France in the Age of Louis XIII and Richelieu. *By Victor-L. Tapié.* The flowering of the modern French nation. $17.50/**$12.50**



104

The Indian Heritage of America. *By Alvin M. Josephy, Jr.* The ethnology of major American Indian cultures. $10.00/**$7.50**



418

The War Against the Jews: 1933-1945. *By Lucy Dawidowicz.* The terrifying story of Hitler's destruction of six million Jews. $15.00/**$9.95**

PS76A

Good Reasons To Try The History Book Club

g cash savings. Last year our members saved 34% on ;ir Club purchases. Your total savings as a trial member, ;luding this introductory offer, can be more than 50%.

beral bonus plan. You can qualify for added savings ;ough bonus books, which you can pick from our full list 150-200 fine works.

;ceptional quality. In its 28 years, the Club has distributed er 1,000 outstanding books, including 46 award-winners. ır books are always the equal of publishers' editions, never ɔnomy reprints.

ne service. Every four weeks you receive our *Review* and a ted reply card. If you want the Editors' Choice, do nothing: ; book will come automatically. To order another book or no ok, return card by specified date. You will have at least 10 ys to decide—but if you get an unwanted book because of e mail, we'll pay return postage.

THE HISTORY BOOK CLUB, Stamford, Conn. 06904

Please enroll me as a trial member and send me the introductory books whose numbers I enter below. Bill those on the left at 99¢ for all three and the fourth at the low member's price, plus modest shipping charges.

[ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

I may return the books within three weeks at your expense and owe nothing. Or I will take four more selections within a year *(not counting my introductory selections)*—always at reduced member's prices plus shipping. Thereafter, I may resign at any time. NV-53S

Print Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

In Canada: Mail to The History Book Club, 16 Overlea Blvd., Toronto M4H 1A6, Ontario

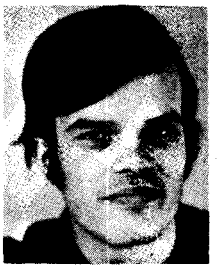
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VOL. XXVIII, NO. 25

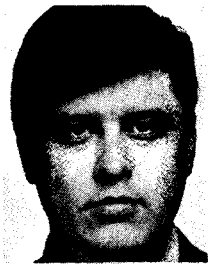
JULY 9, 1976

NR NATIONAL REVIEW

SCHMIDT
Page 729



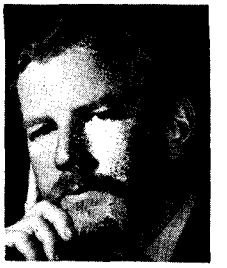
BROOKHISER
Page 728



SOBRAN
Page 732

BRIDGES
Page 733

BURNHAM
Page 731



KILEY
Page 740

ARTICLES

724 **Eating Crow in California**
Instead of winning a primary, the rancorously inept campaign of Gerald Ford may have lost the November election—and worse. The President and his advisors, lacking a positive theme of their own, seemed to settle for murder-suicide, perhaps sundering the Republican Party for good. In other races, the only clear trend seemed to be a growing aversion to conventional centrist politics. *John R. Coyne Jr.*

727 **Exit Harold, Enter Jim**
After a series of diverting political scandals ("like a Watergate conducted by the Marx Brothers"), the accession of poor James Callaghan seems unlikely to interest the British, much less to benefit them.
Colm Brogan

728 **One Big Family**
As both prophet and investor, Reverend Moon is bullish on America.
Richard Brookhiser

729 **Malpractice Insurance: A Way Out?**
Who shall decide when doctors disagree? A jury of laymen? If so, the criteria for verdicts possibly ruinous to professional careers ought to be made a lot more stringent than they are now. *Godfrey Schmidt*

ARTS & MANNERS

732 **Yellow Pages**
The Nation offers a broad spectrum of political opinion, all the way over to George McGovern on the right. *M. J. Sobran Jr.*

733 **Darkness in the East**
Thanks largely to a basso who towers over the grandeur of the production, the Met has made *Boris Godunov* its own.
Linda Bridges

734 **Crime and Etiquette**
Reflections of a muggee.
Susan S. McDonald

COLUMNS

731 **Estimates of the Situation**
In London recently, the anti-Communist Institute for the Study of Conflict convened to survey the present global position, direction, and prospects of the Soviet Union. Herewith a summary of their views.
James Burnham

BOOKS

736 After 28 years, John Chabot Smith will not turn his back on Alger Hiss.
Nathaniel Weyl

737 Hugh Nissenson's *My Own Ground* is too Jewish to be a Jewish novel.
D. Keith Mano

738 Walter Kerr writes with erudition and eloquence on the flickering flat shadows of the old cinema in *The Silent Clowns.*
Harvey E. Phillips

740 *The Children of the Counterculture* views, with alarm, the kids of the Kids.
John Kiley

743 Burton Zwiebach grapples literately, if ineffectually, with *Civility and Disobedience.*
Roland Stromberg

A NEW FEATURE

742 **The Right Books**
We are pleased to present a new column by a distinguished commentator (and veteran *NR* contributor), M. Stanton Evans. Mr. Evans' observations on the world of publishing, with particular emphasis on books by conservatives, will be a regular part of the book section.

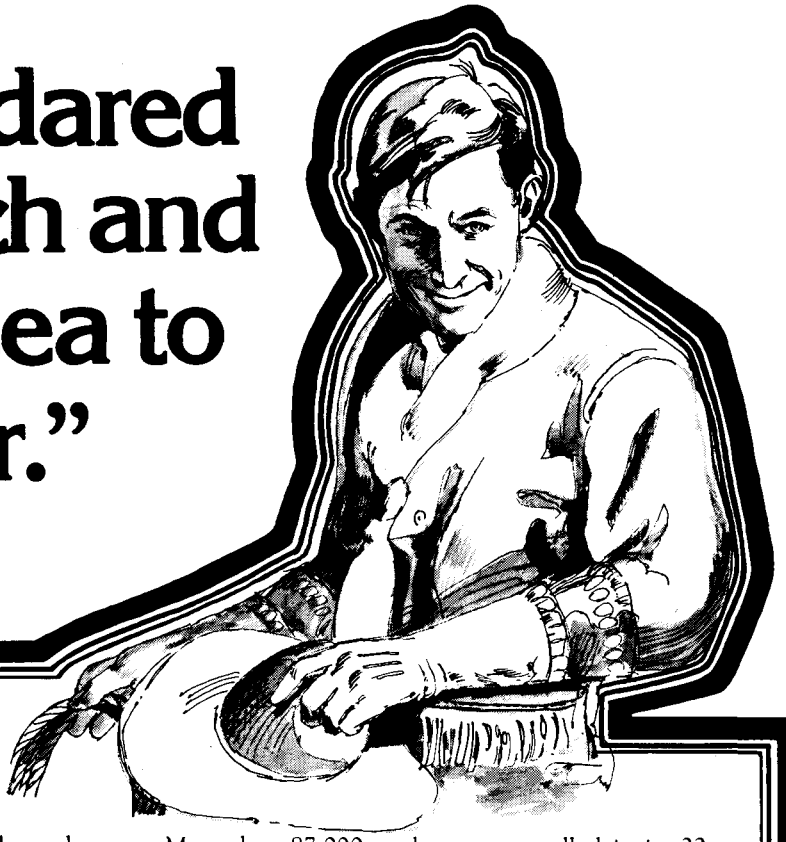
708 **Letters**
712 **For the Record**
714 **The Week**
738 **Random Notes**
750 **On the Right**
752 **Trans-O-Gram**

Cover photo by Jan Lukas

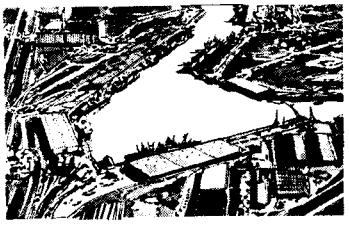
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Houston dared to dig a ditch and bring the sea to its door."

Will Rogers



Some Ditch! The Houston Ship Channel, which links the city to the sea, took 15 years to complete. It enabled Houston, although 50 miles from the Gulf, to become America's third busiest seaport in terms of tonnage.



Dredging a channel to the sea or sending men to the moon, Houston continues to exemplify the "can do" spirit of Texas. That same spirit of adventure and accomplishment has helped it to grow into America's fifth most populous city – and one of the most prosperous.

The population of Houston has doubled every 20 years since 1850. It's nearing the two million mark, and by 1980 it is estimated that it will reach three million.

One thousand people move here every week, and yet its unemployment rate of 4.6% is one of the lowest in the nation – less than half the 10% rate which is common in major urban areas in the Northeast.

Houston is the oil capital of the nation, first in petroleum refining and related industries, first in petrochemicals, and first in the manufacture and distribution of petroleum equipment. It's also first in retail sales in the Southwest.

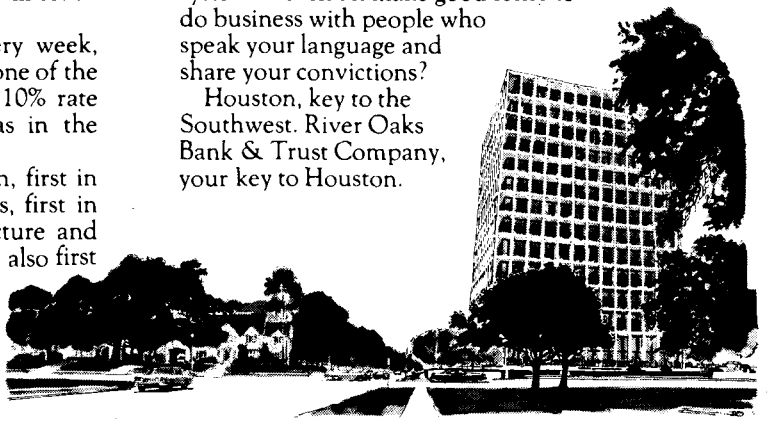
But Houston is more than a booming economy. It is a major cultural and educational center with outstanding symphony, opera and ballet. More than 87,000 students are enrolled in its 22 colleges and universities. Only eight cities in America have more scientists than Houston, and 15% of all merit scholars in the Southwest come from Houston high schools.

The Texas Medical Center in Houston is renowned for pioneering in such frontier techniques as open heart surgery. With 25 buildings on 200 acres it is one of the largest concentrations of medical facilities and research anywhere in the world.

Writing recently in the *New York Times* Ada Louise Huxtable summed it up: "What Houston possesses to an exceptional degree is an extraordinary, unlimited vitality . . . the distinguishing mark of a great city in any age."

If you'd like to learn more about Houston get in touch with us. We'll be glad to help. We know our market, *and* we strongly believe in the free market system. Doesn't it make good sense to do business with people who speak your language and share your convictions?

Houston, key to the Southwest. River Oaks Bank & Trust Company, your key to Houston.



RIVER OAKS BANK & TRUST COMPANY

Kirby at San Felipe, Houston 77019, (713)526-2211 MEMBER FDIC.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NR
NATIONAL REVIEW

William F. Buckley Jr. *Editor*

William A. Rusher *Publisher*

James P. McFadden *Associate Publisher*

Editors
James Burnham/Jeffrey Hart

Priscilla L. Buckley *Managing Editor*
Linda Bridges *Assistant Managing Editor*
Frances Bronson *Executive Secretary*

Contributing Editors
John R. Coyne Jr.
W. H. von Dreele
Nika Hazelton
James Jackson Kilpatrick
Kevin Lynch
D. Keith Mano/Malachi B. Martin
Gerhart Niemeyer
William F. Rickenbacker
Francis Russell/M. J. Sobran Jr.
Chilton Williamson Jr.

Associates
Carol B. Learsy/Vicki Marani
Jane Buckley Smith
Timothy J. Wheeler

Robin Wu *Research Director*
James W. O'Bryan *Art Director*
Barbara A. Devlin *Production Editor*
John K. Syze *Circulation Manager*

Advertising Director
Robert F. Sennott Jr.

Assistant Publisher
Edward A. Capano

Contributors
Aram Bakshian Jr. / C. D. Batchelor
Ruth Berenson / Colm Brogan
David Brudnoy / John Chamberlain
Jack Chatfield / Miles Copeland
Guy Davenport/Neal Freeman
Victor Gold/John Greenway
Henry Hazlitt / Will Herberg
Elspeth Huxley
John Kiley / Suzanne La Follette
Vincent Miller / Ferdinand Mount
Daniel Oliver
Alan Reynolds / Morrie Ryskind
William S. Schlamm / Ralph de Toledano
Charles Wallen Jr.
George F. Will
Peter P. Witonski / Edwin M. Yoder Jr.

Foreign Contributors
Anthony Lejeune *London*
Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn *Munich*
Taki Theodoracopulos *Athens*
Donald Coxe *Toronto*
Nena Ossa *Santiago*

*

Letters

Galbraith: Economist?

William Petersen's wry putdown of John Kenneth Galbraith as a liberal prophet ["On Professor Galbraith's View of America," June 25] was most amusing. One has only to move about in the world to see how ridiculous Mr. Galbraith's ideas are. Fed up with consumer goods? Take a liberating vacation in, oh, say, the Indian hinterland, out of sight of Ford Foundation architecture, where the socialist government's shrewd policies have halted consumer technology just this side of gravity and sunshine. Tired of garish advertising? Aeroflot yourself to the Soviet Union and then try to find the telephone number of a decent airline to return home on in comfort and safety. There is no advertising in the worker's paradise—except to proclaim the glories of Leninist socialism.

I asked a friend recently how, given the manifold blessings of decolonization and majority rule in black Africa, he could explain the net immigration of blacks into South Africa. Uh, economics, he suggested defensively, but—could we *really* judge what was valuable for *Africans*, what made *them* happy? (All truth for him, you see, is relative.) I asked him if he thought Idi Amin made black Africans happy. Would Galbraith dare answer?

It was George Sokolsky, commenting on the John Birch Society's charge, who said that Ike wasn't a Communist, he was a golfer. Petersen concludes that Galbraith is not an economist, but a liberal prophet. I say he's a skier.

Greenwich, Conn. FRANCIS SEWELL

Winding Up Vietnam

Doesn't the analysis by Norman Hannah ["Vietnam: Now We Know," June 11] say in rather technological language what the average American means, substantially, when he says we ignominiously lost the Vietnam War because our officials were afraid they would provoke either Red China or Russia or both if we destroyed the capacity of the North Vietnamese to continue their aggressive war?

Most Americans express their conviction by saying in substance, "We lost because we fought a no-win war—we even repeatedly stated we did not intend to destroy the enemy's power to continue the war against our ally."

Houston, Tex. WM. E. LOOSE

Your "Egg-on-Face? My Ho!" editorial [May 28] expressed my sentiments exactly. In fact, on May 4 of this year, when General Dung's memoirs first appeared in print, I wrote the following letter to *Time* and several local newspapers:

"So Hanoi freely admits for the first time its complete and calculated plan of military conquest of South Vietnam. I don't suppose there was ever a question about it among honest people but what is there to be said for our liberals and leftist youth of the Sixties who consistently swallowed the lie perpetrated by North Vietnam that the war was primarily between the Vietcong and the puppet regime of South Vietnam? They were either conscious conspirators, which for the most part I doubt, or the most foolish and irresponsible people on the face of the earth. They are never called upon to explain or apologize, but one thing is certain: they have forfeited all claims to moral credibility on any subject concerning this nation's foreign policy and defense."

Chula Vista, Calif. JAMES P. PAGET

Corrections

I would bring to your attention an error that appears in your "For the Record" column [June 11]. It describes me as the "candidate of the Free Liberation Party . . ."

It is Free *Libertarian* Party. Since the word "libertarian" is used a number of times further on in the issue, I would presume that the mistake was due to a copy writer's getting carried away with the (unconscious) realization that we are in favor of the liberation of the individual from the grimy clutches of the state.

New York, N.Y. MARTIN E. NIXON
Free *Libertarian* Party
Candidate for the U.S. Senate

I read with interest the nice article by my friend Mrs. Nika Hazelton, "On the Shores of Lake Keuka" [May 28]. How-

NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly, except the first two issues in January, by National Review, Inc., at 50 Emmett St., Bristol, Conn. Second-class postage paid at Bristol, Conn. © National Review, Inc. 1976.

Book Editor: Chilton Williamson Jr.; Articles: Kevin Lynch; Arts & Manners: M. J. Sobran Jr., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc. to Editorial Dept. NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

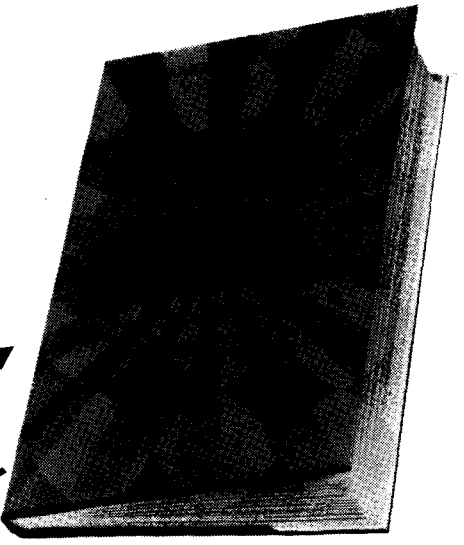
Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label, or facsimile.

RATES: *$31.50 a year ($17.50 for the 48-page issues, and $14.00 for 8-page issue published on the alternate weeks). In all cases, add $2.00 for Canada, $3.00 for other foreign subscriptions.*

The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage, or better a stamped, self-addressed envelope, is inclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the view of the editors.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jesus Christ Before He Became a Superstar



James K. Fitzpatrick reminds the updaters of what Christianity really means

What did Jesus have to say about free sex? About "liberation" theology? Situation ethics? Women's lib? Marxism? Punishment for sin? God?

A brilliant young writer, frankly disturbed, searched the Scriptures. What he found will shake up everyone who calls himself a "modern" Christian—and fortify every traditional Christian.

Mr. Fitzpatrick went back to the words of Christ. He puts these words side by side with the words of dozens of today's culture heroes, including:

Bonhoeffer	Gutierrez
Cox	Mencken
Freud	Bultmann
Marx	Gregory Baum
Teilhard	Albee
Tillich	Skinner
Bishop Moore	Fletcher
Bishop Pike	Martin Marty
Bishop Robinson	Leslie Dewart
Daniel Callahan	Andrew Greeley
Malcolm Boyd	Sartre

The result is a book that provides a powerful refutation of everyone who would put Christ in the service of secular humanism... relativism... the New Theology... the New Morality.

Fitzpatrick gives off sparks on every page:

- "*Prayer.* It seems to me the key. Does a progressive cleric *really* pray? Or does he try to get us all to join in a collective consciousness raising?"
- How the New Theology relates to the growing contempt of Americans for their own country.
- Another "religious" experience from Harvey Cox: nude swimming.
- Why a Christian may not espouse the central demand of women's lib.
- At the New Mass, the priest faces the people. Gregory Baum, embarrassingly candid, gives the game away.

If James Fitzpatrick had only marshalled the words of Christ to hurl back at those who would disfigure Him, he would have the gratitude of every troubled Christian. But he does more. He *feels* the distress of concerned Christians when they see their faith turned into travesty. Feeling the same distress, he shows us how he overcame it. His words are a lifeline.

Is this man the new C. S. Lewis?

"Those who think that this will be a more gentle and introspective world once Christ has been 'demythologized' should remember what the people of Europe were like, and what kinds of gods they followed, before they bent their knees to Christ."

* * *

"Women should not be fooled by the openminded friendship of *Playboy* and that ilk; the women's lib movement is right up their alley. A separation of sex, love, and new life is what they have been preaching all along. It doesn't bother them a fig if their sex-objects think themselves 'liberated' rather than 'oppressed' the morning after a 'meaningful encounter.'"

* * *

"I have been at many social gatherings where liberated clerics poke fun at the oldfashioned notions they have thrown off in the last five or so years. Makes you see why Catholics had an *Index* for so long. If a man's faith cannot take two night courses at Hunter or Berkeley, then he does need protection."

SAVE $7.95

CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB

165 Huguenot St., New Rochelle, New York 10801

Please send FREE **Jesus Christ Before He Became a Superstar** by James K. Fitzpatrick and accept my membership in the Conservative Book Club—the only book club for political conservatives. I agree to buy 3 books from among the more than 150 to be offered in the next 15 months, after which I may resign at any time. Membership entitles me to a free subscription to the Club Bulletin, which brims with news of interest to conservatives. I am eligible to buy Club books at discounts of 20% to 94% plus shipping—books on politics, investing, social issues, religion, economics, conservative ideas, *Communism, history, etc. If I want the monthly Selection I do nothing;* it will come automatically about one month later. If I don't want the Selection, or I prefer one of the Alternates, I merely inform you on the handy form always provided. I'll be offered a new Selection every 24 days —15 times a year.

NR—590

NAME

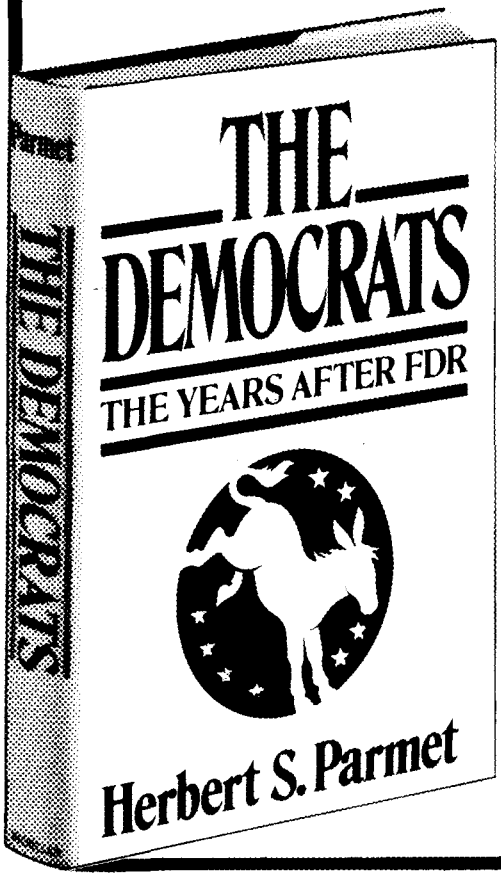
ADDRESS

CITY/STATE ZIP

☐ I don't care to join the Club but I enclose $7.95. Please send **Jesus Christ Before He Became a Superstar** postpaid. 30-day return privilege.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

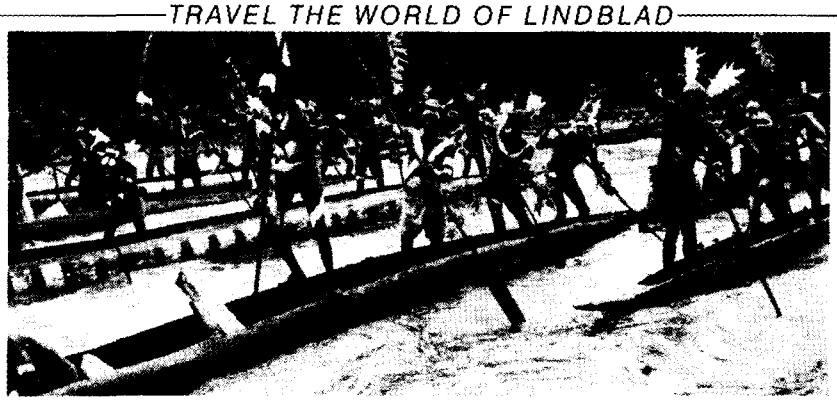
"Goes a long way to explain why the Democrats do not seem to want to nominate anyone for President...."



After reading it one understands why scores of illustrious liberals are flocking to the camp of Jimmy Carter."
—Richard J. Walton, *The Washington Post*

$8.95
MACMILLAN

TRAVEL THE WORLD OF LINDBLAD



INDONESIA–EAST OF BALI
including the fabulous Asmat region of New Guinea.

Nehru has called Bali the "Morning of the World." After immersing ourselves in its splendid culture, we shall board the M.S. Lindblad Explorer* and sail east to Komodo, where "the dragons" will meet us. We shall visit Flores, Leti and Aru of Wallace fame and other Indonesian islands. We then head for the exciting Asmat region of West Irian, where primitive art of museum quality may be purchased, and where Stone Age culture still exists. On this cruise we will find an abundancy of bird, mammal and plant life as well as beautiful butterflies and fish. Complete scuba diving gear is available. The Lindblad Explorer, fully air-conditioned, offers the finest in comfort. Famous lecturers will accompany us. Each expedition lasts 23 days including the two-week cruise. Departures are in August and September. The all-inclusive rate for cruise and land arrangements starts at $2,335 per person, cabin for two, air fare additional. Write for our brochure or see your travel agent.

LINDBLAD TRAVEL, INC.
Dept. NR79
133 East 55th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022 • (212) 751-2300
*Panamanian registry

ever, there was an omission in it which I would like to rectify.

I had always dreamed of growing the best *viniferas* of Europe in the Gold Seal vineyards in the Finger Lakes but was discouraged by all those who had tried. About the time I became president of the company in 1951, I met Dr. Konstantin Frank, and he persuaded me that it could be done. So I hired him, and Gold Seal furnished him with land, equipment, and labor to make experiments under my guidance. These experiments with special rootstock and special handling were successful, and for eight years they were made on Gold Seal property with Gold Seal money and Gold Seal labor. By 1956, Gold Seal began extensive planting of Johannisberg Riesling, Pinot Chardonnay, and Gewürztraminer, and some smaller plantings of Cabernet Sauvignon and Pinot Noir. The cost of the trials was, of course, very substantial but it is because of them that Dr. Frank was able to establish his own Vinifera Wine Cellars in the early Sixties when he left us to spend all his time in his own winery and vineyards.

Gold Seal owns, now, more acreage of *vinifera* than anyone else in New York State. The wines they produce are responsible for the high quality of Gold Seal table wines and permit Gold Seal to produce a Vintage Pinot Chardonnay wine made of 100 per cent Chardonnay and to market soon a Vintage 100 per cent Johannisberg Riesling.

Hammondsport, N.Y. CHARLES FOURNIER

To Your Health

W. H. von Dreele's "To Your Health" [May 14] was as clever and witty as usual but could possibly leave the impression that many doctors favor federally enforced health care. In answer, the following:

For sheer revulsion, nothing's quite
As sure to kill the appetite
Of doctors, dentists, and the rest
As health insurance, federally pressed.
Carter's plan, "Big Brother Doc,"
Leaves them in a state of shock.
They'll perspire as he stacks
Federal monkeys on their backs.

Pleasanton, Calif. G. C. CLARK DDS

Carter Follow-Up

As a fundamentalist of long standing, I read with some amusement, and a measure of alarm, the article by John R. Coyne Jr., "Niceguyin' His Way to the White House?" [May 14]. Perhaps my circle of fundamentalist friends is limited, but they have always shown a definite partiality to the Republican Party, as the most conservative political party. This year Reagan is our man!

I will interject here that the leaders of the Southern Baptist Convention (to which Mr. Carter belongs) would undoubtedly disavow any claim to being a fundamentalist group.

Carter's position on the issues changes

(Continues on page 713)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MILLION $ SECRETS

of Stewart E. Fason, LL.D

FROM AN IN-DEPTH RESEARCH PROJECT EMERGED A PATTERN OF INVESTING WHICH CAN MAKE YOU THE MASTER OF YOUR FINANCIAL DESTINY

IMAGINE . . . 741% PROFIT IN THE FIRST 18 MONTHS! (DURING THIS PERIOD THE DOW FELL 200 POINTS)

"Dr. Fason might help you make millions" . . . *Columbus Enquirer*

"A profit oriented prophet" . . . *Dallas Morning News*

"Millionaire with a mission" . . . *Ft. Lauderdale Sun-Sentinel*

NOW IN THE 3rd HARDCOVER PRINTING

A SURPRISING FACT?

90% OF THE INVESTING PUBLIC ULTIMATELY FIND THAT THE MARKET IS UNPROFITABLE.

It follows then that 10% of the investors wind up making all the money. What separates this elite minority of winners from the legions of losers? Is it inside market information? Are the markets rigged by some mysterious international conspiracy? Maybe they have some super secret mathematical formula . . . "Nonsense," says Dr. Fason. "The successful investors have no more market information than the masses. As for the markets being rigged . . . BALONEY! that is the paranoid talk of the losers. How about the purely mathematical-systems which rely on moving averages, volume, advance/decline ratios, and all the other hocus pocus? Such a system which profits consistently in Bull or Bear markets simply does not exist."

WHAT UNIQUE QUALITY SEPARATES THE WINNERS FROM THE LOSERS?

Dr. Fason's research project revealed that those who consistently profited from the markets, while they were above average in intelligence, had no special educational background. In fact, less than 20% were college graduates. They averaged spending less than 4 hours a week on their investments, and yet they manage to rake in the money (probably some of yours) year after year. These wealthy winners possess only one unique thing which accounts for their enormous prosperity . . . A SET OF BEHAVIOR PATTERNS WITH WHICH THEY CANNOT LOSE!

MONEY MANAGERS AND MONKEYS

If time consuming research, million dollar computers, and stacks of charts were the answer to profitable investing. . . . then why don't the mutual funds out-perform the market? Here are billions of $ managed by highly paid mastermind (?) investment managers who have collectively done no better over the last 20 years than a chimpanzee would have done throwing darts at all the listed stocks. Millions paid in management fees when a few sacks of bananas would have probably have produced similar results? Why? . . . Because they behave in a predictable (and usually disastrous) manner at critical times.

WHEN YOU ARE READY TO BEHAVE PROPERLY . . . THEN AND ONLY THEN ARE YOU PREPARED TO BEGIN MAKING BIG MONEY FROM THE MARKETS

HIGHLIGHTS FROM "A LICENSE TO STEAL"

EARN 6% ON YOUR CHECKING ACCOUNT

This chapter alone will more than pay for the book.

CONVERT NORMAL INCOME INTO LONG TERM CAPITAL GAINS

If you are in a 40% or higher tax bracket, this is must reading. For years the insiders have utilized this little known, risk free, tax shelter.

PICKING STOCKS FOR CAPITAL GAINS

It's easy when you know the seven things to look for.

WHY THE DOW IS GOING TO 2000 BY 1980

It is you know. Will you get your share?

AVOID MARKET DISASTERS FOREVER

Using Dr. Fason's methods you never again suffer any big losses. It's foolproof!

CONVERTIBLE BONDS . . . A 10% RETURN PLUS FREE STOCK OPTIONS FOR YEARS

If you are not familiar with convertibles . . . shame on you. (Your broker may not have mentioned them as the commissions are peanuts.) At a recent lecture, Dr. Fason was asked what was the largest loss he had ever taken on convertibles. Dr. Fason said, "I'll let you know when the first loss comes along." That's right . . . over 20 consecutive transactions without a loss. Some with annualized profits of over 100%!

GOLD AND SILVER . . . SENSIBLE INVESTMENT OR WILD SPECULATION?

You will see how precious metals may fit into your portfolio.

MUNICIPAL BONDS 10-15-20% INTEREST

Be careful . . . you may be getting legally cheated.

TAX FREE OFFSHORE CORPORATIONS AND SECRET BANK ACCOUNTS

Whether you are a millionnaire looking for a tax shelter or a working man who (for your own nefarious reasons) wants to hide some money, you will find this chapter of interest.

HOW BROKERAGE FIRMS CHEAT INVESTORS OUT OF MILLIONS YEARLY . . .

not by commission but by omission. That's right . . . they neglect to tell you something because if they did, it would cost their firm money. Haven't you been a sucker long enough?

HERE ARE SOME UNSOLICITED COMMENTS FROM READERS OF THE FIRST EDITION . . . NOT PROFESSIONAL BOOK REVIEWERS BUT INVESTORS LIKE YOU

"For the first time I feel secure with my investments" . . . "Chapter seven was worth 100 times the price of the book" . . . "I learned more in 2 hours reading 'A License to Steal' than in 20 years listening to the so called experts" . . . "Dr. Fason's market strategy is unfair competition. No wonder most of us lose." . . . "At last, a book on the market with no fancy math or confusing charts. Thank you" . . . "Wish I had read this book 10 years ago. Now I know how to get even" . . .

We could go on and on with testimonials but, in the final analysis, it will be your opinion that counts.

If you have read this far we hope that now you would like to examine "A License to Steal". If you have ever considered investing in the markets, we believe that you will find "A License to Steal" not only delightful reading but invaluable . . . So how do you get your copy? (We thought you would never ask.) We will make it as easy as possible.

SEND NO MONEY

Just pick up your phone now and **call Toll Free** area code **800-327-6188** (operator on duty 24 hrs.). Examine the book for 14 days and when you find that it is well worth the money, use the post paid envelope (we provide) to remit your check for $9.95 (we pay all postage) or charge it to your BankAmericard or Mastercharge. If for any reason you don't want the book (what a ghastly thought) then return it, undamaged, and owe nothing. No strings attached.

NOTE: Florida residents must order by mail only to the address below.

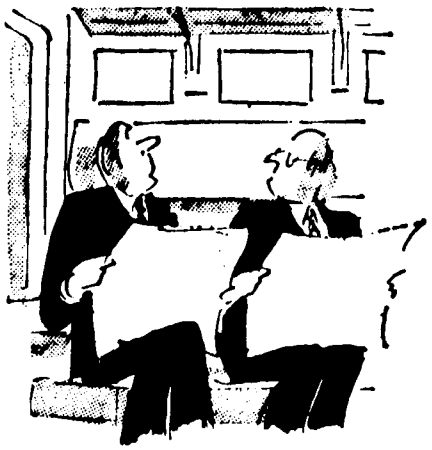
20th CENTURY PUBLISHERS, 25 S.W. Second Ave., Miami, Florida 33101

SPECIAL NOTICE: During the next 12 months, Dr. Fason will be lecturing from coast to coast. *The Miami Review* said, "Dr. Fason should be ranked with the finest speakers of our time." Dr. Fason refuses to accept any fees or subsidy. If you want Dr. Fason to address your School, Convention, or Club Group, you may write him at Box 9145, Riviera Beach, Florida 33404.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR THE RECORD

■ Of significance: During the early spring primaries **Gerald Ford** was outdrawing **Ronald Reagan** in financial contributions. But in April and May, all that changed. In April the Reagan campaign pulled in $2 million, in May $1.7 million, according to official figures. This means that in the crucial final two months of the campaign Reagan will also be getting larger matching funds from the Federal Government. Ford's best month was March, when he received $1.6 million in campaign gifts. . . . The Ford camp was visibly staggered by Reagan's smash victory in **Missouri** (he took 18 of 19 delegates). The best that campaign manager **Rogers Morton** could do in commenting about it to the press was: "I'm perfectly willing to recognize it's going to be close." . . . Meanwhile, **Lou Harris** reports the campaign has hurt Ford with the public, which now feels (by 48 to 33 per cent) that he is "too much a part of the Washington Establishment," and by 64 to 19 per cent that "he is not very experienced in foreign affairs"—that unfavorable rating is up from 54 last October. But, surprisingly, Ford gets a positive rating (51 to 26 per cent) for "resisting pressures to dump **Henry Kissinger**." Writing in the liberal *Ripon Journal*, liberal Sen. **Jacob Javits** urges all Republican "progressives, liberals, and moderates" to give "the highest priority" this summer to making sure that Ford gets the nomination in Kansas City. . . . Given the tightness of the race, Ford has now named **Robert Griffin**, the Republican Senate Whip, as his floor manager at the Convention, replacing **John Tower** of Texas, who will not be a delegate. Tower's Establishment Republicans got flattened in the Texas primary by the Reagan steamroller. . . . **Ladbroke's**, the big London bookmaker, is now citing even money that **Jimmy Carter** will be the next U.S. President. The odds are 6 to 4 that Gerald Ford will be, 7 to 2 that it will be Reagan.



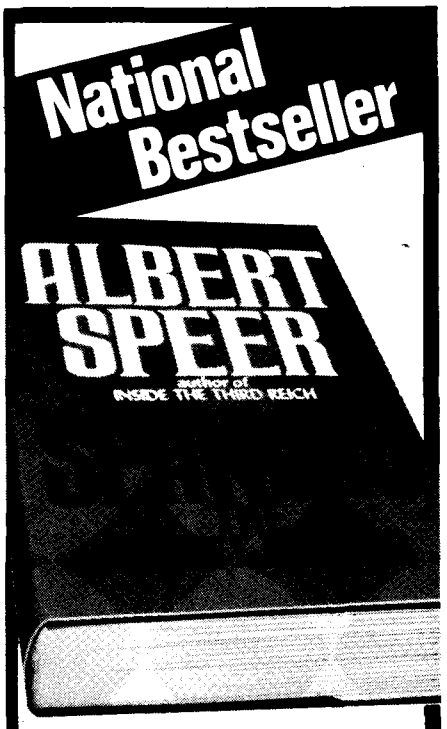
Holland, *London Sunday Telegraph* Rothco
"I can't get used to the idea of a sterling crisis without Harold Wilson."

■ Getting to know Jimmy Carter: The *New York Times*-CBS poll shows that Carter is coming across to the public as a conservative. Perception of him as a conservative rose from 10 per cent in February to 52 per cent in April. . . . **Gallup** says that 52 per cent of Carter's supporters say they are on the right of the political spectrum, 26 per cent on the left, 11 per cent in the middle. . . . Carter himself, talking informally to reporters last week, told them that unlike **LBJ** he feels at home everywhere. Then he backed off a bit and added, "I don't feel quite as much at home, say, with the [ideologically doctrinaire] **ADA**." . . . Members of the Democratic Party Platform Committee were noticeably cool last week to AFL-CIO official **Andrew Biemiller**, who urged the Democrats to propose a legal 35-hour work week, double pay for overtime, and a $3 floor under wages. . . . The *Christian Science Monitor*, in an evaluation of Carter's foreign policy, reports that his think tank is the liberal **Brookings Institution** in Washington, while Ronald Reagan's is the staunchly anti-Communist **Hoover Institution** in Palo Alto. . . . A Jimmy Carter foreign policy advisor, **Jerome Alan Cohen** of Harvard, was in South Korea a fortnight ago, throwing his weight around generally, and warning that if Carter is elected he will take a much firmer stand than the present Administration on the issue of human rights (for South Koreans). . . . **Kevin Phillips** warns Carter may be in trouble from the Democratic Left (the **Udall-Church** supporters) if **Eugene McCarthy** gets on the ballot in thirty or forty states, which is possible. A McCarthy ticket, says Phillips, would draw off what might be critical Carter votes in the Northeast, Midwest, and Pacific states.

■ Other political developments: California Democrats now worried that **John Tunney** may have a tough time of it in November against Republican candidate **S. I. Hayakawa**. They point out that 40 per cent of the Democrats in the state chose radical activist **Tom Hayden** over Tunney in the Democratic senatorial primary. . . . The *Boston Globe* feels Father **Robert Drinan**, the liberal Massachusetts congressman, will face the toughest fight of his career this year against Vietnam War veteran **Arthur Mason**, a Jew. . . . Author **John Ehrlichman**, asked if he had any plans for the coming campaign, replied that if he wanted to play a dirty trick on some candidate he'd endorse him, and suggested he might just campaign for Sen. **Lowell Weicker** of Connecticut, who made his name nationally during the **Ervin** Committee hearings.

■ And we're all relieved that the 150 **bloodworm diggers** of Maine have settled their two-week strike, having accepted a 5.5-cent-a-worm offer from the state's dealers, a settlement which the **sandworm diggers** say they can't live with.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From the former Number 2 man in Hitler's Third Reich, comes this "immensely gripping journal"* of his 20 year confinement in Spandau prison.

$13.95

—*WALL STREET JOURNAL

MACMILLAN

Studies in Christian Culture

July 1 - Aug. 17

☆

• Universidad Maria Cristina, El Escorial, Spain • 6 wks of Theology, Philosophy, Spanish & Christian Culture—9 credits available thru association with Gannon College, Erie, Pa. • Room, board, air fare New York-Madrid • Extensive recreational facilities • Tours to historical centers of Catholic Spain • Daily liturgical & spiritual exercises • Special rate—$1,250 for college students; $1,350 all others.

For Information:

Kairos Foundation

3819 Sassafres Street
Erie, Pa. 16508

Phone: (814) 864-0353

LETTERS

(Continued from page 710)

each day. He is a man of expedience. As you said, "He waffles." Fundamentalists cannot respect such a man. We support a man who is not afraid to state his position and, more important, is not afraid to stick by it. In other words, a man who has *convictions.*

Belpre, Ohio PASTOR JAMES W. PAULEY
Tabernacle Baptist Church

As a Georgian I feel I should say something about my former governor. Much has been said about his reorganization of the state government; nothing has been said about how it came about. When Carter presented his plan for reorganization, he expected the legislature to vote on it outright. The legislature decided to debate the matter first, which made Jimmy Carter very angry. Why, the very idea that someone should disagree with him! During this time Carter did little if anything to improve the state budget. The legislators were finally faced with the task of getting reorganization behind them so as to get on with the budget. Reorganization was duly passed. When Jimmy Carter left office, the budget of the state was in such a mess that various programs, especially education, had to take cuts. Our present governor (who was hand-picked by Carter) is trying very hard to get the state out of its financial mess, but things are going to get worse before they get better.

That is the way the picture looked to me while Carter was in office. This is the man many say will be our next President. It's too late for the state of Georgia. I pray to God it's not too late for the country.

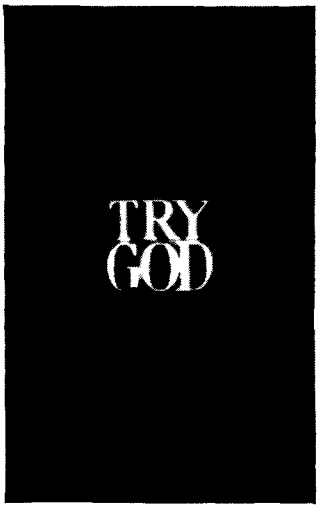
Athens, Ga. WOODROW A. BRELAND

Rhodesia

I was astonished at the von Dreele doggerel "Rhodesia" ["The Week," April 30] and at the two paragraphs which immediately preceded it. Anyone with a vague knowledge of military tactics knows that a frontal attack on Rhodesia by a consortium of black African forces would be absolute suicide. It should be apparent by now that white Rhodesians are not going to run for the airports, nor are they going to roll over and play dead.

It will be interesting to see what happens if Cubans try to "sack the cities." Much of Rhodesia is very similar to eastern California, Nevada, and Arizona, but with far less communication. How does one fight a guerrilla war in the middle of a Mojave Desert? Can you see a bunch of commandos trying to sneak up on Las Vegas? Eastern Rhodesia is studded with what they call kop-jes, vertical outcroppings of solid rock from one to five acres across and from 25 to 150 feet high. They form a natural tank trap, and there are thousands of them.

(Continues on page 749)



This is a limited edition;
that is, limited to people who
believe in God.
A pendant for women and
a pin for both men and women of
Tiffany sterling silver or Vermeil.
The entire proceeds
will be donated by Tiffany
to the Walter Hoving Home, Inc.,
in Garrison, New York—
a non-sectarian center for
drug-addicted and
seriously troubled girls—
where, after a year's treatment,
over ninety percent are
permanently cured by
accepting God into their lives.
In sterling silver, $ 10.
Vermeil, $ 12.

TIFFANY & CO.

NUMBER FOR PHONE ORDERS (212) 759-9110
FIFTH AVE. & 57TH STREET • NEW YORK 10022
Add $1. for handling plus sales tax where applicable
American Express • BankAmericard

Dear Tiffany, Please send me:

___Vermeil pins or___pendants @ $12. each.

___Sterling pins or___pendants @ $10. each.

☐ Check enclosed ☐ Charge my account

Name N

Address

City State Zip

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WEEK

■ Life goes on in Uganda. President Idi Amin took to the air waves of Radio Kampala to assure his constituents that he had survived yet another assassination attempt. A grenade had indeed hit him in the face, he told them, but it rebounded outside his car before exploding. Waxing theological, the many-sided statesman reminded his audience that "All leaders have enemies. No one can live for 200 years. He will die when God wills." It's reported that soon after the assassination attempt God willed the deaths of 2,000 of Amin's enemies.

■ When Democratic platform writers gathered in the Mayflower Hotel in Washington last week, they received a letter from recently elected ADA President George McGovern urging them not to adopt a set of "bland generalities"; but, apparently considering the fate of McGovern's own platform, the committee rejected the Senator's advice, and wrote a document submerging all the controversial issues in a soft fog of ambiguity. Much of the fuzziness was in deference to candidate Carter, who had come out in Ohio against a "wish-box" platform. But most of it was spontaneously generated—because the Democrats smell victory this time around, and have resolved not to lead with the chin.

■ The medical profession has suddenly started airing in public its dispute over recent efforts to produce more minority doctors. About five years ago medical schools started admitting minority students who could not satisfy the normal entrance requirements. There have been some attempts to give them remedial training, but in many cases they have just been passed through. Now that the first crops of "special admissions" students have graduated, medical school teachers are asking some hard questions: How can they in good conscience flunk white students who are doing better than the minority students who will pass no matter what? What about the minority student who happens to be first-rate, but who will be tarred with the brush of lowered standards? And, finally, the dilemma they have not fully faced: either they do not really believe that standards are necessary to protect the patient, or they are doing minority communities a (mortal?) disservice by sending out unqualified minority doctors.

■ In its June 7 issue, *Newsweek* reassures the once-born with the following mind-boggling sentence: "Although some Southern Baptists are fundamentalists, most have grown more tolerant and shun the antisemitism, anti-Catholicism, and anti-Communism of the fundamentalists." Idiomatic translation: when you stop spitting in the wastebasket and cooking up moonshine you are expected to grow more tolerant of Gulag.

■ Jack Kemp is a constructive Republican representative from New York who has offered an alternative to the boondoggly Humphrey-Hawkins "full employment" bill. Recognizing that "public service jobs" simply redistribute money from one man's pocket to another's and shift unemployment from one area of the country to another, Kemp has proposed a Jobs Creation Act, which would increase employment in the private sector by reducing the existing tax bias against savings and investment. Is that a negative idea?

■ Through educational programs, generous use of parole, indeterminate sentencing designed to fit the punishment to the criminal rather than to the crime, and outside-the-walls job training, Connecticut has made a serious, long-term effort to rehabilitate her convicted criminals. And Corrections Commissioner John Manson has now empirically concluded that most of these rehabilitation programs don't work. There are exceptions, like the drug programs. But all that most rehabilitation efforts do, he says, is produce prisoners who are very clever at manipulating the system to get out early—whereupon they are as likely to commit another crime as if there had been no rehabilitation. "What we've got here is a façade of public protection," says Manson. "There are some inmates who benefit. But for most, our goals are now purely safe and humane confinement."

■ It's time to take off the kid gloves. Those purges that have been going on in South Vietnam all along are now going public, according to broadcasts from Radio Saigon and Radio Hanoi. They state that 95 per cent of those who reported voluntarily to the re-education camps set up after Saigon's fall have been released. But 40,000 hard core cases (of the admitted 800,000 who have served time in prison since April '75) will be brought to trial. Those found guilty will be "severely punished," says South Vietnamese President Huynh Tan Phat. To be tried, he says, are: those who "served as lackeys of the

Murder Anonymous

In New York City, when you're out
  And suddenly you're shoved one,
It's rare that you'll be done in by
  Acquaintance, friend, or loved one.
In point of fact, statistics show
  That one in every three, O!
Who shoves a shiv on city streets
  Can't name the murderee, O!

W. H. VON DREELE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Primary fallout: Among Democrats, the stories are flying about the bad blood between Jerry Brown and Jimmy Carter, and neither attempts to refute them. During the California campaign, Brown made fun of Carter's smile and assailed him, ironically enough, for fuzziness on the issues. Carter, in turn, derided Brown's "Zen Buddhist logic." Part of the problem, many believe, is the inability of each to accept the other's sincerity. Brown, whose roots lie in the upper-middle-class semi-counterculture of northern California, where fundamentalist Christianity is considered Neanderthal, sees in Carter a strong strain of Elmer Gantryism. And Carter, a true believer, is deeply suspicious of the California new consciousness, with its preoccupation with mysticism and Oriental religions. There are also profound political reasons for the mutual distaste. Carter sees Brown, alone among the Democrats, as a potential rival somewhere down the line, while Brown views Carter as a major obstacle. Brown is an enormously ambitious man, say intimates; he has rapidly established himself as a national figure. But if Carter wins in November, the betting is that he'll occupy the White House for two full terms. Thus Brown, interested in neither a Cabinet post nor the Senate, will have eight years in which to age and stew in Sacramento. This worries Carter supporters, who point out that it is dangerous to keep a national figure simmering. They remember another jesuitical politician, Eugene McCarthy, who was alienated early on by Lyndon Johnson. Later, when the going got rough for Johnson, McCarthy returned to haunt him.

■ Newsmen covering Carter believe that Mayor Daley's post-Ohio endorsement, which started the Carter bandwagon on its final surge, was a bit less than spontaneous. There was always something suspicious, they maintain, about the way in which Carter carefully avoided offending Daley during the Illinois primary. And Daley, they note, was equally careful not to contest Carter's delegates. A deal in the best tradition of the old politics was struck between Daley and Carter, they believe, and the odds are that an offer of the Vice Presidency to Mayor Daley's favorite son, Adlai Stevenson III, was part of that deal.

■ Scratch the name of Missouri Governor Christopher Bond from Gerald Ford's shopping list of vice-presidential possibilities. Bond, a personable young moderate and a long-time Ford favorite, had been expected to deliver a sizable chunk of Missouri's remaining delegates to Ford, but succeeded in delivering only one—himself, and by a very slender margin. Bond, say Missourians, like so many of the Establishment Republicans who support Ford, had simply lost touch with rank-and-file Republican sentiment. And meanwhile, despite the deepening rift, talk of a Ford-Reagan or Reagan-Ford ticket is once again buzzing through Washington.

■ Department of Total Confusion; or, Cloudy Days on the Affirmative Action Front: A male who was passed over for promotion by AT&T has won a reverse bias suit. Daniel McAleer was not promoted because AT&T, complying with the order of a Philadelphia court, decided it had to promote a less experienced woman instead. Washington Federal Judge Gerhard Gesell agreed, ruling that AT&T had acted properly in promoting the woman. But Judge Gesell also agreed that Mr. McAleer is entitled to money damages to compensate him for the pay he lost by not being promoted. Moral: How about, in Washington, two rights inevitably make a wrong?

■ Someone has finally actually analyzed Humphrey-Hawkins. *Washington Post* columnist Nicholas Von Hoffman describes it this way: "It tackles the problem of joblessness by mandating that the United States Employment Service change its name to the United States Full Employment Service. That ought to do the job; but if it doesn't, this bill creates a national network of things called 'local planning councils,' 'community public service works reservoirs,' and 'Job Guarantee Offices,' each with its own 'Job Guarantee Officer.' There is also a beast called the 'Standby Job Corps,' after which comes a 'National Institute for Full Employment.' Staff salaries and per-diem expenses for the consultants and advisors are spelled out in some detail, although nothing else is."

■ The newest Georgetown anti-Congress bumper sticker reads this way: "If Pro is the opposite of Con, what is the opposite of Progress?" —CATO

American imperialists"; those who "served with pro-American governments [i.e., the Diem and Thieu governments]"; those who profited from the war; those who have not repented of their anti-Communist sentiments; those former Communist officials and troops who defected to the Americans or to Saigon; those still involved in anti-Communist resistance; those who fled to America and who have returned voluntarily to Vietnam; and finally those who, now and in the future, try to flee the Communist tyranny which America, almost alone among the free nations of the free world, tried hard, if ineffectually, to contain north of the 17th parallel.

■ "Partly for demographic reasons and partly for political reasons," says a sub-cabinet officer in the Canadian government, "the government at all levels during the Sixties grew at an enormous rate. I don't find that a bad thing." Good or bad, however, it's no longer popular; and so the Trudeau government has reached a decision to rest upon a "plateau" of government spending. During this year and next, the rate of growth of such spending will be less than the rate of growth of the GNP. A former Treasury Board official blames Canada's high rate of inflation mainly upon the government's "redistributive policies"; a former Finance Minister observes, "Clearly, some federal-provincial programs are out of control. I mean the open-ended programs of Medicare, hospitalization, and post-secondary education"; and professionals and businessmen argue that the high salaries offered by the civil service have operated to suck competent people out of the private sector. Members of the Trudeau government seem unruffled by the knowledge that the Prime Minister is considered a "closet socialist" by many Canadians. But Trudeau himself is not so confident as to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be willing to come out of the closet. For this reason, the Canadian economy may shortly be looking up.

■ When you have jailed your political opponents, gagged the press, canceled civil liberties, entered a political alliance with the pro-Moscow Indian Communist Party, and settled down to ruling by decree, there is nothing at all unexpected about a gaudy five-day visit to the Soviet Union, which is where Indira Gandhi found herself last week, feeling, so to speak, right at home. Somewhat superfluously, she hailed her "close relations" with the Soviets. In return, the Soviets expressed "full understanding" of her move to dictatorship, and you better believe they understand all that fully. Then—all together now—Indira and the Soviets *both* condemned the planned U.S. naval base on Diego Garcia in the Indian Ocean. Freedom of the seas being the last extant freedom in the general area, it is expected to go.

■ In May, 1974, Pavils Bruvers, a medical student in Riga, Latvia, and his brother Olafs, were arrested and charged with slander against the Soviet state for the crime of conducting an opinion poll, which included such questions as "Where do you spend your holidays?" and "What kind of radio programs do you enjoy?" The brothers, held in solitary confinement until their trial in August, were given one-year suspended sentences (Pavils was also thrown out of medical school). The authorities repented their leniency, however. In March, the Bruvers family was asked to make immediate arrangements to leave Latvia; and when they had surrendered their possessions and jobs, the authorities revoked their exit visas. In protest against the Soviet action, the Bruverses have been on a hunger strike since May, which, in their circumstances, comes down to refusing to eat the bread they don't have. Helsinkiwise, the use of the term "basket" to describe the hundred rights that would bloom after the signing must have struck the Bruverses as a fine example of Bolshevik humor.

■ Friendly countries have extended emergency credit to help the British pound, which set two new records last week: all-time low value ($1.70) and fastest drop in one day (4 cents). The pound immediately rallied, but the Labor government, realizing that external help alone cannot save the pound, held up nationalization of shipbuilding and aircraft industries, and continued to press its incomes policy. The hard Left miners union—the same one that broke Edward Heath's economic policy three years ago—rallied round and accepted the incomes policy, even though it will mean a cut in real wages for the short run.

■ IF ONLY WE HAD THOUGHT OF IT DEPARTMENT: "I recognize the waste of public funds involved in the employment of young women (and, so it is now reported, men) whose primary function was the sexual entertainment of the statesmen on whose payrolls they languished. But the expenditures must still be considered piffling when contrasted with the cost of one more nuclear weapon in our overkill arsenal."—James Wechsler, *New York Post*, June 16.

■ The U.S. Consumer Product Safety Commission has banned all but the "smallest" firecrackers, delicately deferring the prohibition, however, until after the Glorious Fourth, perhaps in the belief that Americans won't have enough independence left to celebrate in the future, or possibly anticipating the development of cheaper, safer noisemakers, such as empty bureaucratic heads.

■ Thought you'd like to know that since 1972, the number of hucksters, peddlers, and credit managers employed has dropped, but there has been a sharp increase in the employment of artists, musicians, athletes, PR specialists, insurance adjustors, lawyers, judges, and bartenders.

■ The exceedingly tenuous grip of civilization in a barbaric world has once again been demonstrated, in Montgomery, Alabama, where drivers enjoyed four days of anarchic parking merely because the police ran out of parking tickets. However, a new shipment of 8,000 parking tickets has arrived, and the West has been saved.

Carter v. Reagan or Ford

James Earl Carter of Plains, Georgia has now consummated a remarkable tour de force. Six months ago few outside of Carter's own circle supposed that he could somehow bridge the gaping contradictions in the national Democratic Party, yet now he stands before us as the candidate of George Wallace *and* Frank Church, Mayor Richard Daley *and* the new politics crowd that denounced Daley as a Nazi in 1968 and then excluded him from the 1972 Convention altogether.

To accomplish this remarkable feat Carter employed a double tactic. First, he endeavored with considerable success to deflect attention from policy issues to his own personality. Here, the symbols were his smile, his discourses about love and virtue, and the socially conservative image he so assiduously cultivated. Second, Carter carefully formulated his responses to the most divisive issues in such a way as to give least offense. Thus, although as President he will do nothing about busing, he personally opposes it. The same for abortion. Thus, he now supports Humphrey-Hawkins, though with such evident reluctance that those who oppose it need not despair. He pleases supporters of a strong military by favoring a naval buildup, and also pleases the Left by suggesting cuts in defense expenditures and favoring withdrawal from South Korea. Liberals think Carter is conning the conservatives with rhetorical confections, while conservatives believe that his heart is in the right place on most issues.

This concatenation of attitudes and positions proved perfectly suited to the solution of Carter's first problem: winning the Democratic nomination. It may not turn out

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"If Ever One Man... Could Jolt Us Out of Our Nice Cozy Life,

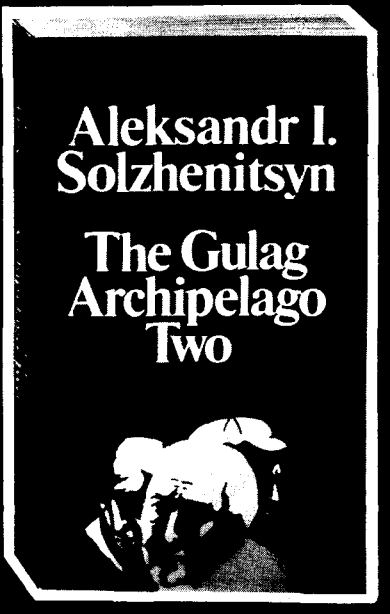
Here He Is!"

"I am not a critic of the West I am a critic of the weakness of the West

We all thought that the West would help us to rise from slavery Gradually this started to begin to waver and to face

nowadays in the West [illegible] are ready and prepared [illegible] that most [illegible] have nothing to [illegible]

At the moment the question [illegible] the Soviet [illegible] to [illegible] West [illegible] be able [illegible] life



That's what the London *Daily Mail's* Correspondent, Lynda Lee-Potter, said about the now famous BBC interview with Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn. And Bill Buckley thought so much of what this extraordinary man said that he presented this stunning interview to American audiences on his own FIRING LINE TV show.

Because Solzhenitsyn is so important (Malcolm Muggeridge calls him "the greatest man now alive in the world") and because what he says is of the utmost significance to *every* American, we have obtained another shipment of his sensational book, Gulag Archipelago II. And once again we are going to give a copy of this book (an anti-Communist bombshell if there ever was one) *free,* along with your new or renewal subscription to *National Review!*

This is a special offer you won't want to miss. To repeat: we'll send you a *free and postpaid* copy of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's Gulag II if you will use the card opposite this page to subscribe to *National Review* now for a full year (or extend your present subscription, no matter when it's due to expire). You pay no more than the current rate of $17.50 for a full year of NR and get this monumental book (retail price $2.50) mailed to you *absolutely free of charge!*

And what a book this is! Even *Time* says that this one "may well be Solzhenitsyn's most stunning achievement to date." It's filled with incredible details about life in the slave camps that would defy description *except* by one of the world's greatest writers (speaking from first-hand experience!). And it's so powerfully written you feel you're right there, seeing with your own eyes this hell-on-earth the Soviets have created.

The Gulag Archipelago II (fully indexed and containing a valuable glossary of Russian names and institutions) is one of those rare books that belong on the bookshelf of every concerned American. Remember, you can get *your* free copy by just filling in the handy card facing this page and sending it to us right now.

Don't Miss This Opportunity

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to be nearly as well adapted to a national campaign, depending, of course, on whether and how Carter's potential weaknesses are exploited.

On the following issues, for example, a sufficiently hard-hitting opponent might open large fissures in Carter's present support: 1) pardons for Vietnam draft-dodgers; 2) Humphrey-Hawkins; 3) federal aid to New York City and other such fiscal cripples; 4) busing; 5) gay rights, marijuana, porn, and abortion; 6) nuclear energy; 7) increased federal expenditure for welfare and education; and 8) the U.S. role in the world. In each of these issues the potential exists for a Left-Right split in Carter's support. Smoking Carter out, however, will require a tough and articulate campaign on the part of his opponent.

On the Republican side, the outcome now revolves around arithmetic and momentum, with Ford still favored by the former and Reagan picking up the latter. In the first of a series of state conventions, Reagan gained 18 of 19 Missouri delegates; 243 more will be selected during the next five weeks. In Missouri, the Ford effort depended almost entirely on the state party Establishment, while Reagan's supporters organized the grass roots. If that pattern persists, Ford may well lose at Kansas City. The result will probably depend on whether Reagan can convince wavering delegates that he rather than Ford can draw the issues sharply enough to split away Carter's impressive support among socially conservative voters.

Post-Tidal Basin Morality

As scandal, it sure beats Watergate. Again it is the *Washington Post* setting the pace, with managing editor Ben Bradlee reportedly authorizing two young reporters (no word yet on who will portray them in the movie) to tail Wayne Hays, and even eavesdrop on his phone conversations—all, of course, in collusion with Hays's floozy-turned-vice-squad. The result has been a sharp change in the standards of Washington press coverage, which used to proscribe writing about government officials' sex lives.

Of course there are justifications, plausible and specious. The best one is the obvious one that Miss Ray's concubinage, like those of certain of her colleagues, was financed by tax dollars. But the upshot has been an increasingly prurient coverage of the purely sexual, supported by increasingly feeble justifications. Jack Anderson lost little time in devoting a sanctimonious column to the sex lives of U.S. congressmen; meanwhile, it transpired that an Anderson aide had apparently tried to blackmail Miss Ray into cooperating with him by threatening to expose her and Hays if she failed to give him information about another congressman, Kenneth Gray (now implicated in the scandal involving her and Senator Mike Gravel).

The public's appetite for detail in these cases is pretty clearly remote from its concern over mischanneled public funds. That is the pity of it. Lechery is hardly confined to Capitol Hill, but these congressional manifestations of it show more than a disregard for conventional morality: they are of a piece with the disposition of many congressmen to regard their offices as opportunities for personal aggrandizement rather than positions of public trust. Writing in the *Wall Street Journal*, James Gannon and Jerry Landauer point out that Congress has been voting itself large pay raises (indexed—oh, what *chutzpah*!—for inflation), tax deductions, and other privileges and exemptions. Widespread cheating on travel expenses has already received notoriety. Estimates of expense accounts range as high as an annual average of half a million dollars per congressman. It would be surprising if so cynical and self-serving an attitude toward power did not occasionally spill over into the sexual realm: why not include nubile women among the spoils? It is the natural result of an accumulation of power whose limits and responsibilities are undefined by any discernible principle, and it is not surprising that most of the malefactors detected so far have been pork-barrel Democrats.

A Red-hot Issue

The better than 2 to 1 rejection of Proposition 15 by California voters hardens an emerging battle line in American politics. If it had passed, Proposition 15 would have closed some existing nuclear generating plants and made others more difficult—perhaps impossible—to build.

To a considerable degree the arguments in favor of Proposition 15 had been undercut by stringent new laws passed by the legislature in Sacramento and supported by Governor Brown. This made it clear that support for Proposition 15 did not rest on the "safety" theses so prominently urged. The lopsided vote also opened an instructive gap between the people of California and the long-featured "people's advocate," Ralph Nader. The people's advocate made his position clear after the voting when he announced that he wanted to end the use of nuclear power "even if it means going back to candles." He also predicted that nuclear power will become as heated an issue as Vietnam or Watergate.

In essence, the nuclear power dispute is really a social-class issue. An intense and growing minority believes, for a variety of reasons, that economic growth and even technology itself are inherently evil. By and large, those committed to that view can afford to pay the increased energy costs predictable if their position prevails. Not many of Ralph Nader's constituents are really going to be dependent upon candles. Low- and middle-income families, in contrast, normally spend a much higher percentage of their disposable income on utility costs than do the affluent.

It is also certain that banning nuclear power would

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Langdon, *Punch* Rothco

"I'm afraid, Signor, there's no set scale of Hail Marys for voting Communist."

greatly slow economic growth. To the affluent, that might well be acceptable on the general principle that I'm all right, Jack. To those lower on the income scale, however, economic growth means opportunity.

The vote on Proposition 15, therefore, possesses a significance far beyond that of the various ecological and safety issues in the foreground of the debate. It defines a fissure in our politics which, as Nader himself has vowed, will open much more widely.

They've Blown It

The Ford Administration's handling of the current busing issue is the worst treatment of a major national crisis since the Bay of Pigs. It might have been conducted by somebody too dumb to type a memo. It might have been managed by Liz Ray.

Whether President Ford is really heated up to a degree of outrage appropriate to the injustices of forced busing is a matter for debate. Although he has claimed —under pressure of the Kentucky primary of May 25— that he sought out Attorney General Levi as early as last November to urge him to select a "test case" that could be brought before the Supreme Court for review, it now appears that it was instead Mr. Levi who suggested to Mr. Ford the need for restricting the extent of federal court busing orders, and that the President merely said "OK." Then the Justice Department and the White House proceeded to ignore a busing memorandum put forward in March by the Director of the White House Domestic Council suggesting a legislative option limiting the scope of court orders. A couple of months later Solicitor General Bork and Mr. Levi drafted a petition to the Supreme Court which sought to win a review of the Boston Garrity Plan—at which point the White House got in touch with Justice to find out what in hell was going on. In due time, the plan leaked; various civil rights and black organizations began to pressure Ford not to intervene against busing for integration, anywhere. But the President, set now upon making political hay from his few stalks, braved the "firestorm" and issued a number of statements caressing to the ears of the anti-busers: at a press conference on May 26 he even suggested a review of *Brown* v. *Board of Education*—a suggestion from which the White House backed off the next day. In due course, Levi renounced his intention to intervene in the Boston case, while Ford set about having legislation prepared that would a) allow a court order mandating busing to stand for three years, after which it would be placed under review with a maximum extension of two years; b) limit court-ordered busing to those schools where segregation was traceable to official actions. For his pains—for his flim-flam—Ford is presently in the ridiculous position of playing stormcenter to the hot winds of both the pro- and the anti-busing activists.

Now the Supreme Court has refused to review an appeal—brought, in the absence of Mr. Levi, by Mayor Kevin White, the Boston School Committee, and various local groups—from the order of Boston U.S. District Judge W. Arthur Garrity Jr. mandating desegregation through forced busing, in the furtherance of which Judge Garrity has in effect taken over the Boston public school system. That this appeal was turned down is a thing not difficult to comprehend. There is little question that the Court, given the legal precedents available to it and the tactics employed by the enemies of busing in Boston, had no choice but to refuse to reopen the case. The School Committee, over the years, has been guilty of performing—or condoning—actions calculated to promote segregation in the school system, such as the provision of separate intermediate schools for whites and blacks; special transfers for white students out of their predominantly black neighborhood schools; the bolting of doors against black children bused by the black organization, "Operation Exodus," under open-enrollment provisions, and so forth. Whatever degree of wrongheadedness the busing laws may embody, it is nevertheless understandable why the Supreme Court should have refused, on strictly legal grounds, to review the District Court order of 1974.

What that refusal requires us to note is that there is presently but one remedy for putting an end to forced busing. And that is a constitutional amendment. Ford's legislation, which has yet to be presented to Congress, falls pathetically short of representing an effective weapon for outlawing an awful social program: it is based too shakily upon propositions which the courts,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in two decades of pro-busing decisions, have effectively eviscerated. But the ideological outrage that the mere word of Ford's proposals aroused has probably reduced to nearly zero the possibilities of such an amendment being passed by Congress in the foreseeable future. Already civil rights leaders are demanding that the President issue a ringing call for popular compliance with the Court's position on the busing laws, that he abandon his search for a "test case," that he cease and desist from his attempts to promote anti-busing legislation—in short, that he cancel every conceivable anti-busing initiative and accept the whole question as being beyond debate. A quite awful mess.

New York Senate Race

New York's financial pickle now threatens to close some of the local zoos, but the citizenry need not despair—they have, after all, the Democratic race for the U.S. Senate. Compared with the collection of freaks there assembled, even California politics seems positively Brahmin.

Ramsey Clark, Paul O'Dwyer, and Bella Abzug have now been put on the primary ballot by vote of the Democratic State Committee. Clark, familiar to fans of Radio Hanoi, will run in string tie and hush puppies, and he opened his campaign by advocating a $30-billion cut in the defense budget. Paul O'Dwyer, President of the City Council, is a Sean O'Casey character who has not been able to bring himself to condemn gun-running to the IRA thugs in Northern Ireland—sentimentality and murder thus cheerfully coexisting in this ethnic cartoon. A just characterization of Ms. Abzug could not possibly pass into the pages of this family magazine.

In this group, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, who also received a place on the ballot, stands out sharply as recognizably human. His candidacy, moreover, possesses a good deal of analytical interest. Until Jimmy Carter secured his position at the top of the Democratic ticket, Moynihan's Senate candidacy faced a dead end. Based on his performance in the UN and his support for Scoop Jackson's presidential bid, Moynihan had the enthusiastic support of Jewish voters—but also the hostility of the blacks, who in addition, and unfairly, counted against him his "benign neglect" quote and his earlier work on the situation of the black family. The emergence of Carter, however, makes a Moynihan candidacy viable. With Carter at the head of the ticket, blacks can be expected to turn out and for the most part vote the straight Democratic line, including Moynihan. Not surprisingly, Moynihan's hat went into the ring as soon as Carter clinched the presidential nomination.

In the primary as well, things seem to be falling into place for Moynihan. The three freaks appeal to slightly different divisions within Left zealotry, and, as the only normal person at this point on the ballot, Moynihan should walk through the field and emerge as the nominee.

When Will They Ever Learn?

It's not very easy getting information out of Cambodia these days, but French reporter François Ponchaud managed to scrape up a tidbit or two. Ponchaud estimates that 800,000 Cambodians have perished since the Communist takeover; that all officers, administrators, intellectuals, and members of the Chinese minority have been exterminated; that Buddhist monks now have the same official status as prostitutes, while Moslems are forced to raise pigs; that the food problem has been solved by putting the entire population on a diet of rice patties and green bananas; and that any peasant who registers his dissatisfaction with that solution by clandestinely eating his harvest is disemboweled.

In view of these facts, Ponchaud's concluding paragraph seems startlingly mellow. "The lotus, symbol of life, spreads its white petals on greenish water and draws life from the mud of a stagnant pond. Similarly, the new Kampuchea draws its life from mud made of sweat and blood . . . Like the stem of the lotus which points its bud toward the sky, a new life will rise. Will this painful parturition deeply change the Khmer soul . . .?" It would seem, from M. Ponchaud's own evidence, that the possibility of change diminishes as more and more Khmer souls pass beyond the reach of the Khmer Rouge.

John III

In the June 21 *Newsweek*, John D. Rockefeller III warns that we must not "turn the clock back" on abortion. In fact, he uses the phrase "turn the clock back" three times. His dialectical skill is as impressive as his imagery: anti-abortionism is "coercive," Roman in provenance, and contrary to "the law of the land." It violates "a woman's fundamental right to control what happens to her body and her future." Moreover, "banning abortions does not eliminate them." It merely "forces" women to get dangerous illegal abortions. All these reflections add up to an "overwhelming" case for "freedom of choice," as against allowing "the religious strictures of one group" to be "mandatory for everyone." It's a lousy argument, but it is a strangely hypnotic concatenation of clichés. Resisting it demands not so much intelligence as sheer stamina.

Briefly, then: 1) Of *course* banning abortion is "coercive." Banning anything is coercive, because law itself is coercive. The question is whether such a law should be enacted. 2) Assuming Rockefeller's assertion is true, it is still irrelevant. 3) The question—again—is whether the laws regarding abortion should be changed, or more precisely, restored. 4) What is at issue is the right of the child, once the mother has so far determined her body's future as to conceive him. 5) Banning burglaries doesn't eliminate *them*, either. 6) In one breath Rockefeller argues that nobody is now "forced" to get

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an abortion (except the child); in the next he bathetically says pregnant women would be "forced" to go to unsavory abortionists. How wearisome to have to repeat such obvious replies, to a man who cannot even anticipate them.

Saving the Free Free Press

From his bosky dell in the Maine woods where he has been living these forty years, Mr. E. B. White—one of that tiny band of writers of whom it can be said that they never wrote a poor sentence—has called the mighty Xerox Corporation to heel. Several months ago, White learned of a bargain struck between that company, *Esquire* magazine, and Mr. Harrison Salisbury, whereby Xerox supplied *Esquire* with money to pay Mr. Salisbury a $40,000 fee—and $15,000 for travel expenses—to write an article called "Travels through America," to be published with Xerox ads fore and aft (if Xerox liked the piece) or without them (if Xerox didn't). Moreover, the company threw in a contract for $115,000 worth of advertising over the course of a year—at the regular commercial rate. Of this arrangement Mr. White recollected: "It made me jump. . . . I have great respect for all newspapers and magazines, and this . . . would mean that any rich corporation or rich individual could pick out a reporter and put $50,000 on him and that would be the end of freedom of the press." White wrote a letter to his local paper, which Xerox read "with some dismay." The upshot was that, in the words of a company official, "[Inasmuch as] we have enormous respect for Mr. White and . . . this was unsettling to him, it was just not worth continuing it." Capitalist backbone.

This small tempest raises interesting questions, among them why it is wrong for a rich outsider to influence press policy but not for a poor but powerful one to do so: Why is it wrong, say, for General Motors to spend money lobbying Congress but right for Ralph Nader to do so? But surely the central issue is whether the term "freedom of the press" ought to describe not only the press's right to conduct its business free from the exterior pressures of armtwisting and blackmail, but also its right to involve itself in entangling influences and alliances if it suits its purposes to do so. In other words, it is a matter of whether the press has a moral obligation to keep itself "free." White clearly believes that it has, and that it has the further obligation not to subject itself and its writers to the kind of unwholesome arrangements to which he believes schemes like Xerox's subject the literati. Mr. Salisbury and the editor of *Esquire*, on the other hand—who do not, in any event, believe that they have compromised themselves—are willing to live with a risk that is commercially worthwhile to them.

Mr. White's objections have a lot to be said for them on humanistic grounds; a magazine is never a free agent save in its last issue, and so it can use all the freeing-up it can get. But on commercial grounds they have little to be said for them—and the working press in this country is, after all, for the most part a commercial enterprise. Writers need and like money as much as non-writers: if they are benumbed by its lure, so much the worse for them, but they have as much right as anybody to position themselves downwind of it. And the same goes for publishers. If they sell out, other, purer souls will take their place in the special esteem of the estimable—so long as selling out is not made a forced option for all.

The Positive Side

Whip-sawed and sullen, Jackson climbs aboard,
While Mondale grimly signifies assent.
Frank Church, who left Ohio voters bored,
Hints being Veep is really what he meant.
Meanwhile, Mo Udall seethes with discontent
As Southern accents echo off his walls.
McGovern, sulking in his tiny tent,
Seeks shelter from the happy y'alls and drawls.
For Humphrey, suddenly the Senate calls;
For Teddy, dreams of Camelot recede.
The bitter-end progressives mutter, "Balls,"
While Arthur Schlesinger is off his feed.
And, pulling down the corners of its mouth,
The *New York Times* turns darkly toward the South.

W. H. von Dreele

James Aloysius Farley, R I P

James Farley's renowned friendliness was not in the effusive mode. His memory never failed him and his greeting was warm, but fell always short of the Elvis Presley-lock with which, for instance, politicians such as Nelson Rockefeller are identified. The reason for this may be obvious. Rockefeller sought to break out of the Brahmin bounds of formality which were his patrimony. Farley thought it time to break out of the beery cordiality with which his breed was associated, and, of course, his mentor was the casual patrician of Hyde Park, whose wife—well into the successful partnership of Roosevelt as President, Farley as Postmaster General and principal patronage dispenser—ironically inflicted what was probably the fatal wound when she let it be known that she would endure a great deal for her country, but only unwillingly an evening with Mrs. Farley.

Perhaps it was a gradual disenchantment with the Caesarism of FDR, or hurt when Farley suddenly discovered that he was only one of a half-dozen men to whom FDR had whispered his promise to secure for him the succession; no doubt he was gravely shocked by the tradition-breaking third term (Farley the Americanizer could not easily associate himself with iconoclasm). Most likely, it was that snub that caused the great alienation. Farley loved his wife even more than the Post Office.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He survived it professionally, establishing a more or less independent political identity, busy as a business executive and as a fixture at every gathering of any clan; but his apostasy was never *quite* forgiven, even by the old pols who would go on at any length thrumming his praises (the last twenty years were, like Madame Schumann-Heink's, a more or less unbroken series of testimonial dinners to Farley). When it was seriously proposed that he run for United States senator in the 1950s, the handshakes froze—for just long enough to remind him that the Democratic Party of the State of New York could put up with a lot of impiety, but none toward Franklin Delano Roosevelt, and by that time James Farley—like Al Smith, and Raymond Moley, and David Lawrence—was convinced that, under Roosevelt, the United States had taken a turn in the wrong direction. Unlike those who deserted Lyndon Johnson, and exchanged tributes ever after to one another's courage, those who deserted FDR—whether for trying to undermine the judiciary, or for deceiving the voters into believing that war could be avoided, or for doing his best through the doctrine of unconditional surrender to destroy the peace—were never quite forgiven. James Farley, because of his geniality, his unchallengeable personal concern for his family, friends, and country, came as close as one could come; but that was not close enough. So he became a living inhabitant of the Political Hall of Fame, cased in by Madame Tussaud's walls, visible every day at St. Patrick's Cathedral, and every night at a banquet at the Waldorf Astoria. His posture was legendarily erect. As he surveyed, with punctilious enthusiasm and private dismay, some of the tendencies of his own political party, his posture grew stiffer still—as if subtly to distinguish himself, toward the end, from that supine demagogy to which increasingly the party of his old friend and colleague, who loved humankind but was bored by Mrs. Farley, oriented itself.

Notes & Asides

■ Greetings:

Here's a non-political letter for you. Aren't you bothered that nearly every magazine on or off the newsstands is handsomer, or prettier—watch the sexism, boy—than NATIONAL REVIEW? Do you realize how many issues of *New Times* I bought, attracted by its clever headlines and catchy covers, before I realized how little content that magazine has? Can you imagine how many issues of *NR* are unbought (no, you can't unbuy something. You can *not buy* something. I dread writing this letter; you people appear so fastidious about syntax and such I expect to get this letter back without reply but covered with red-circled corrections. Take two:) Can you imagine how many issues of *NR* are not bought, appearing dull or severe, leaving many would-be readers unaware of how much your magazine has to offer?

All right, *U.S. News & World Report* is uglier. So is *Consumer Reports*. But even a raggy little newsletter like the deceptively titled *Moneysworth*, with few photographs or illustrations, manages to excite the eye, to attract the reader, much more than *NR*.

I'll continue my subscription to NATIONAL REVIEW at least until one or another of us disappears. But I have difficulty reading the magazine without looking at it, and when I do look at it, I always say (to myself, or anyone nearby), "They ought to do a facelift on this."

Sincerely,
Michael Kreski
Atlanta, Georgia

Memo to: Bill Buckley
Bill Rusher
Jim McFadden
Priscilla Buckley
Rob Sennott
From: Jim O'Bryan

The March 28, 1975 cover of *NR* (Ford swimming upstream) has been selected by the Society of Illustrators' 18th Annual Exhibition for hanging in their show.

I thought you'd be pleased to know.

■ Dear Bill:

Kreon, Haemon, Antigone, Ismene, and the boys in the back room are going to miss you! But I'll take note of the proceedings and send you a report of the outcome. The smart money is on Kreon, because he owns the guards, but there have been upsets from time to time, just enough to keep monarchs off balance. Hedge all bets.

Your original plan was to set something up for the next weekend. Let's fall back to that position and think of a picnic Sunday—we'll call it the Annual Awards Banquet of the Hack Journalists Klub, all three of us (you, Stan, yo mismo), and with hot dogs and français fries and Moet & Chandon how can we go wrong? Fall-

Why Reagan?

I light my halls with sixty watts;
For closets, I choose forty.
A hundred watts for when I sit
To play the pianoforte.
My reading lamps are all three-way;
My candles are the whitest.
And when I vote, I specify
The one who glows the brightest.

W. H. VON DREELE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

back position, *en cas de pluie*: the Admiral Benbow Inn, right around the corner from your pad, and suitably martially yclept.

I got a note from Tim Wheeler, telling me he can now type with both hands—an aberration that automatically disqualifies him from membership in our Klub. Rumor has it he has written a book. Probably the same book, but critical judgment must defer to the objective correlative. Tim is among the few who could have written the same book first instead of second. Sorta *déjà phooey*.

I have other thoughts, but I am exhausted in contemplating what I have already done. A thousand *paredones*. (To err is mural.)

See you Sunday? I am disarmed and should be considered harmless unless terrified.

Fondly always,
Bill Rickenbacker
Briarcliff Manor, New York

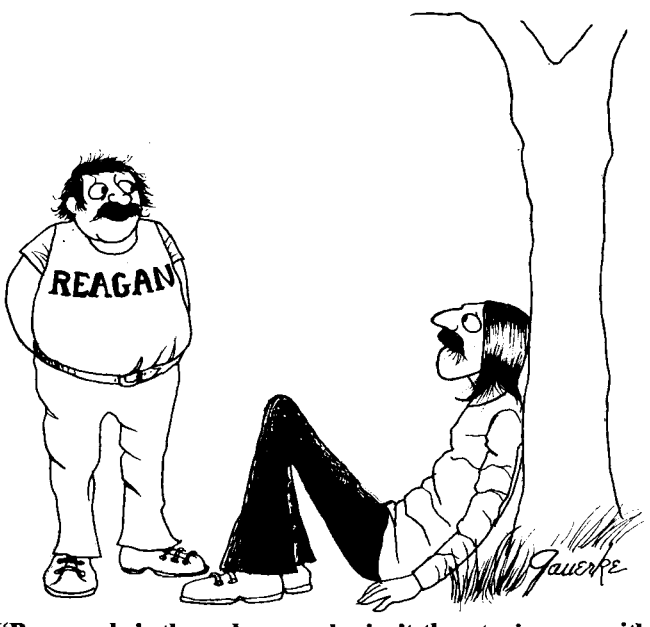
■ Memo to: The Editors
From: Bill Rusher

The June 25th issue is superb. It moves me to tell you how proud I am to be listed as its publisher.

Merci; merci bien; merci de la part des employés. WFB-PLB-JB-JH-LB-FB-JC-WHD-NH-JJK-KL-DKM-MBM-GN-WFR-FR-MJS-CW-BD-CBL-VM-JBS-TJW-FU,R.

■ Dear Bill:

The February issue of *Commentary* has an excellent article entitled "Appeasement & Detente." There is nothing very much new for you in there, except that according to the American Communist Party, we are preparing to take over the country by means of fascism.



"Because he's the only one who isn't threatening me with employment—that's why."

Since you already have been assigned a leading role ["Various roles have already been assigned—Governor George C. Wallace as the 'leading fascist demagogue'; William F. Buckley Jr. as an 'adroit exponent of "intellectual" fascism' "], would you please keep me in mind as one of your chief lieutenants? As an expert in the Nazi use of the SS, I could probably start a new one for you in this country or, in the alternative, if you wanted to execute people guilty of, or suspected of, tax fraud, I could probably run that department very well.

With best regards,

Sincerely,
Stanley Goldstein
New York, New York

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Respectful notice is taken of Mrs. Yarri's allegation that the Sweat/Shoppe discriminates "against women and teeny and medium men as well."

We beg to advise your millions of faithful readers and our thousands of satisfied (1,000 per cent) and valued customers that we have an Affirmative Action program led by an Invisible Hand to supply what the market demands.

We have found that the large selection of sizes (Large and Too Large) do indeed fit most adult men and women. Mrs. Yarri should seriously consider that: 1) Sweat/Shirts and Tee/Shirts are properly worn in a roomy, baggy sort of way; 2) being made of cotton, the shirts tend to shrink a bit when washed in fluoridated or unfluoridated water.

We are sending Mrs. Yarri one WFB Jr. Tee/Shirt (Large) gratis, and will give her a full refund if it is not a perfect fit.

yr most humble & obt servant,
Commodore Lipsett
The Decatur Shop
P. O. Box 126
North Adams, Michigan

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

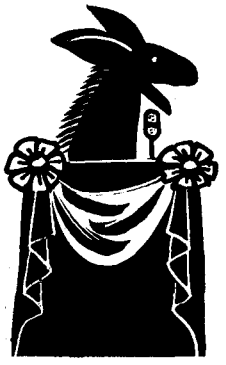
I was looking around the yard for the Ninth and Tenth Amendments the other day, but couldn't find them. Have you seen any sign of them lately?

Yours truly,
Greg Christainsen
Wellesley, Massachusetts

Dear Mr. Christainsen: The amendments in question disappeared not long after the Civil War. Although there was interest in discovering them, it proved episodic, and there are only a half-dozen living Americans who would recognize them if they met them face to face. In 1950, the Supreme Court (widely suspected of showing only a formalistic interest in them) declined (*FPC* v. *East Ohio Gas Co.*, 338, U.S. 464) to pursue an obvious lead that might have led to the discovery of their whereabouts.

Cordially, **—WFB**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The primary had something for everybody: a Sixties radical; an enemy of Sixties radicals; the quintessential Seventies politician. The main event was between a man with a Golden Kazoo and a Mr. Nice Guy turned hardballer

Eating Crow in California

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

WHAT HAPPENED? When the primary season began back in February, most of us bought the line laid down by the conventional wisdom. There would be an enervating and divisive Democratic campaign dragging out all the way to New York City, where, after another donnybrook of a Convention, one of the tired old war horses—most likely Hubert Humphrey—would finally put on the harness.

And the Republicans? Why, Gerald Ford, of course. True, Ford was unelected, presiding over a Nixonless Nixon Administration that frequently seemed to lack purpose, direction, or philosophical underpinning. Nevertheless, Ford had the White House; the pork barrel; the vast resources of the executive branch of government to draw on for position papers, speeches, and campaign personnel; the power to make or change national policy instantly; and the endorsement and active support of nearly every important party leader and of most prominent Establishment Republicans. And then there was Ford himself, neither inspiring nor consistent, but generally perceived as a decent, moral, and ethical man who had assumed the Presidency at one of the most traumatic moments in our national history and had managed, primarily because of his personal qualities, to restore some measure of confidence in government.

Thus, most of us believed it had to be Ford.

That was the conventional wisdom, and despite Ronald Reagan's unprecedented showing in New Hampshire, it appeared to be holding true. Ford took Florida and then Illinois by ever-widening margins, and the presidential steamroller seemed to be picking up speed, carrying Ford toward Kansas City and a first-ballot nomination by acclamation, and leaving Ronald Reagan's political corpse flattened along the campaign trail somewhere between Illinois and North Carolina.

But now, five months later, the conventional wisdom has been totally discredited. Jimmy Carter will preside over one of the most serene and unified Democratic Conventions in decades. And Ronald Reagan, against all odds, is within grabbing distance of the Republican nomination.

After Illinois, many of us began to take Jimmy Carter seriously. But Reagan, we believed, was finished, and some of us—this writer included—said our goodbyes to him. Those goodbyes, as the world now knows, were premature, and so in June I went to California to eat a large serving of crow and to attempt to find out what had led to one of the most stunning political turnabouts of our time.

The matchups in the California primary were fascinating, the politics and politicians of the Sixties clashing with the new politics that grew out of the Sixties but are totally different and as yet only vaguely definable.

There was Jerry Brown, the quintessential new politician, who speaks to many of those counterculture attitudes and concerns which seemed so exotic just a few years ago but are now, especially in states like California, as much a part of the lives of younger members of the educated middle class as barbecue pits and lawn furniture.

California critics climb the walls when Brown uses phrases like "spaceship earth," accusing him of "hippie jingleism," of using in-words without real meaning designed to appeal to the with-it crowd. Others charge him with running an essentially negative administration, doing as little as possible, and shaping no coherent new programs. Brown's response is characteristic. "You don't have to *do* things," he says. "Maybe by avoiding doing things you accomplish quite a lot." And programs? "People ask me, 'What's your program?' What the hell does that mean? The program is to confront the confusion and hypocrisy of government. That's what's important."

PERHAPS most striking of all—and a source of profound irritation to commentators, whose job it is to classify and explain—is Brown's avoidance of accepted ideological labels. "We're going to move left and right at the same time," he said of the ideological approach his administration would take. That description remains definitive.

Carter's campaign in California was low-keyed, primarily a race against Frank Church for second place. Church obligingly called the race off during the last week of campaigning, ostensibly because of a strep throat, leading to speculation that he had made a deal with Carter for the Vice Presidency. "It's the first time I ever heard of a politician calling off a campaign because of a sore throat," said one cynic.

Mr. Coyne, a former White House speech-writer, is working on a book about the politics of the Seventies.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The race we were hoping for was the one that won't take place: S. I. Hayakawa *v.* Tom Hayden. Hayakawa, like Reagan, is a symbol of the Sixties. He attracted national attention for battling the disciples of Hayden at San Francisco State. Tom Hayden. Incredible. Founder of the SDS, member of the Chicago Seven, father of Berkeley's Red Tribe—amazing that this man with this background is a serious candidate for the U.S. Senate. "The radicalism of the Sixties is the common sense of the Seventies," says Hayden frequently, and a considerable number of essentially non-radical Californians seem to agree.

If Brown personifies many of the social and cultural concerns of the Sixties, Hayden personifies the political. And of the ideological strands of the Sixties, only Reagan-Hayakawa conservatism and Brown-Hayden modified New Leftism seem to be flourishing. Politicians identified with other attitudes and approaches seem almost irrelevant. Udall, the representative of Establishment Fifties and Sixties liberalism, glides through the state almost unnoticed, as does Church. John Tunney, who manages to salvage his candidacy primarily because he is the incumbent, is nevertheless widely viewed as a slightly defective Kennedy, an echo from an almost forgotten Camelot. And there's Robert Finch, beaten soundly by Hayakawa, looking a bit more like Richard Nixon each year. "I've always been proud of the fact that I'm an institutional Republican," he tells his audiences in this anti-Establishment year, and they look at him as if he's speaking an arcane and nearly incomprehensible tongue.

FINALLY, there is the Reagan-Ford matchup. The race was a peculiar one, almost a race between a man and a constantly shifting reflection. Reagan stumped the state, delivering versions of The Speech, bringing fire-eating audiences to their feet. It was essentially the same speech I had listened to in Florida, playing on such themes as detente and the Panama Canal. One reporter calls the Panama Canal Reagan's "Golden Kazoo," an emotional issue that transcends logical analysis, turning sedate, rational audiences into shouting, purse-waving mobs. In California, unlike Florida, Reagan plays the Kazoo with confidence—no waffling, no apologetic elaborations (at least until the Rhodesia flap), no tentativeness. Reagan, like Carter, understands the fundamental fact of this election year. Both speak to what seems to be a real and profound sense of loss, a perceived breakdown of national will and national values, a feeling that, as Carter put it, "something precious has slipped through our hands." Perhaps we never were quite the nation that we like to remember. But millions of voters believe we were, and Ronald Reagan tells them that we can be that way again. If there were any national theme song for this year's campaign, it would be "The Way We Were."

Ford just can't get a grip on that Kazoo. In this anti-incumbent year, his incumbency, contrary to the conventional wisdom, is proving a liability. While the other candidates speak of love, loss, the spirit, values, Ford discusses revenue-sharing. The other candidates attack the bloated and insensitive bureaucracy in Washington. So does Ford, but, as the man who heads that bureaucracy, he seems by implication to be attacking himself. And there is the much-discussed question of the quality of his campaign speeches —unconvincing and often unintelligent constructs, which Ford reads doggedly, usually uncomfortable with the words and often apparently unfamiliar with the concepts he attempts to explain.

There is something very basic lacking in the Ford campaign. James Naughton, a *New York Times* reporter, puts it this way: "The fundamental flaw in the Ford campaign, as one of its operatives mused the other day, is that it never had a theme. It never had focus. 'We finessed it for a while,' he said, 'but we never got out front on the issues.' " Concludes Naughton: "It is not so surprising. The Ford campaign is a reflection of the Ford Presidency."

LIKE THE Ford Presidency, the Ford campaign seems to flip-flop from week to week. At times, following the strategy favored by Rogers Morton, Ford has attempted to present himself as "presidential," as his aides like to put it, as if this were a quality that, like Ingredient X, could be arbitrarily added to any product. At other times, apparently at the urging of advisors like former stand-up comic Don Penny, Ford has tried, through a series of radio and television ads, to sell himself as if he were a cake of deodorant soap. And at times, apparently acting on the advice of the hardballers like Stuart Spencer, the former Reagan operative, he would launch personal attacks against Reagan, accusing him of irresponsibility, warmongering, and extremism in general.

Each of the approaches was tried in the various primaries, the choice of approach apparently determined by whichever advisor had the presidential ear at any given moment. But in California, during the last week of the campaign, Ford had developed three ears. During that week each of the approaches was tried. And the results were disastrous.

During the penultimate week of the campaign, Ford, campaigning through the state, drew lukewarm crowds, generally much smaller than Reagan's. The contrast with Reagan, Ford aides believed, was damaging, dramatized as it was daily on network news. And so the decision was made to keep Ford out of the state during the last week and instead to flood California with televised political ads. First came the "presidential" ads, consisting of shots of Ford at his most effective.

Then came the "slice-of-life" commercials in which hardhats or housewives would discuss in awed tones what Ford had done for them.

"Notice anything about these fruit prices lately?" asks one housewife.

"Well," says her friend, "they don't seem to be going up the way they used to."

"President Ford has cut inflation in half," intones the first housewife.

"In *half*?" gasps the second. "Wow!"

Wow, indeed. The technique may sell kitchen and bathroom products, but, at least in California, it doesn't sell Presidents. Many of the people I talked to were outraged at what they viewed as an insult to their intelligence. Others just thought it was funny. The Ford campaign had finally discovered a surefire way of getting a laugh out of its campaign audiences. But the laughter was at, rather than with, the President.

The laughter stopped rather abruptly, however, when,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

during the same week, the Ford hardballers succeeded in persuading him that it was necessary to attack Reagan directly, a tactic that Rogers Morton apparently wasn't informed of until after it was put into action.

The occasion for the attack was a press conference at which Reagan, who should know better, rambled on in a vague way about what he'd do in the event of open warfare in Rhodesia, his statements sufficiently fuzzy to allow the *San Francisco Chronicle* to run the following headline: "Reagan Would Send GIs to Avert Rhodesia War." The story, which ran on June 3, was quickly picked up by the Ford campaigners, who put together the now-famous ad that ended with these words: "When you vote Tuesday, remember: Governor Reagan couldn't start a war. President Reagan could."

Now there is no doubt that Reagan's willingness to hypothesize about a sensitive subject like Rhodesia before newsmen was a blunder, one which most national politicians would instinctively avoid. And he did speak of sending American troops if the Rhodesian government requested them. But he spoke of those troops as part of a UN peacekeeping force, hardly a novel or an extremist idea. And he did not, as the Ford ad claimed, later speak of sending advisors or technicians, *à la* Vietnam.

Ford supporters, of course, could say that they were responding in kind. Reagan, after all, had been accusing the Administration of making massive concessions to adversaries in Russia, Cuba, and Panama. But, say the Reaganites, those attacks were aimed at policies rather than at aberrant aspects of Ford's character.

Just what the ad was intended to accomplish remains a subject of controversy. But there were two clear results: it raised searching questions about the Ford candidacy, and by so doing it also raised questions about his ability to win a general election.

At first, many sympathizers assumed that the whole idea was the sole product of the Stuart Spencer types, and that Ford himself would quickly drop the ad, once he realized what was being done. But instead Ford seemed to relish it, and at a meeting with the press on the Saturday before the primary, he picked up the attack on Reagan and escalated it.

As a result, Republicans in California and across the country have begun to ask some very basic questions. Ford has raised the question of Reagan's sense of responsibility. Yet the Ford ad, many believe, has turned the question on Ford himself and in the process has cast doubt on Ford's finest campaign asset, his image as a decent and admirable man.

This also brings up again the whole issue of electability, another Ford argument that has been turned against him. By losing badly in the country's most populous and diverse state, where he had once led in the polls by a substantial majority, Ford has cast doubt on his ability to run an adequate campaign against a unified Democratic ticket. In fact, the Reaganites argue, their candidate has proven himself the superior campaigner, who can, unlike Ford, do best in precisely those areas—Louisiana, for instance, and a surprisingly large segment of the Old Confederacy—where there is strong ideological hostility to Carter.

Why Ford approved that damaging ad may never be satisfactorily explained. It was, we know, totally unnecessary and added to the acrimony that divides a badly fractured party. Ford could not hope for more than 40 per cent of the California vote, and no last-minute attempt could possibly have increased his total.

Yet the attack was made, and made with relish, and the message is not lost on uncommitted and caucusing delegates. Gerald Ford may yet win the nomination. But he may also have lost the general election in California in June, and by so doing may have finally succeeded in delivering the *coup de grâce* to the Republican Party. □

A Short History of the U. S. Genetic Engineering Center for Politicians

It was during the race for President in 1976 that the need for genetically engineered politicians was brutally dramatized, when one candidate, who had been shaking hundreds of hands a day for months, shook a hand belonging to Mike (Bull) Klutch of Durango, California.

The candidate's hand fell off.

After that unfortunate incident, the U.S. Genetic Engineering Center for Politicians was hastily formed. In due course all candidates for the Presidency were born with two right hands.

Under the leadership of Dr. Henry Littlefinger, GE, the Center's next proud accomplishment was the candidate with two tongues. This project was quickly decided on after a politician had been forced to withdraw from a race when his tongue flew out of his mouth and began talking uncontrollably by itself. Indeed, the Tongue Project was so successful that some candidates were born with tongues that could recite the entire Declaration of Independence.

These brilliant breakthroughs were followed in short order by genetically engineered thicker skins, harder heads, and extra lips (two for the kissing of babies only); soon after that, a grateful nation came to know and love candidates with stronger hearts, spleens, moral fiber, profiles—even better clichés. ("I regret that I have but two tongues to give to my country.")

Dr. Littlefinger's only setback came when he tried to engineer candidates with double faces, one smiling, one determined. His problem was that there was already an overabundance of natural two-faced politicians.

His accomplishments easily overshadowed his failures, however, and as he surveyed with a satisfied smile the political world he had created, he was often heard to exclaim proudly, "It just shows what the good Lord could have done had He had any talent for genetic engineering."

All agreed with that. The only strange thing was that the human race never again produced a genetic engineer.

—John Keefauver

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTER FROM LONDON

Exit Harold, Enter Jim

Why did Wilson resign? Something nasty was about to happen—exit Harold, enter a bland plate of semolina

COLM BROGAN

HAROLD WILSON is a slick operator, and he was never slicker than in the timing of his resignation. He meant James Callaghan to succeed him and so arranged things that his rival, Denis Healey, was caught up in a ferocious row with the Left the day before the resignation. It was not only a public row in the Commons, but also a person-to-person row decorated with expletives undeleted. This meant that Healey would not win any left-wing votes at any time in the balloting.

Wilson told Callaghan of his resignation shortly before he told the cabinet. Because of a possibly contrived accident he did not tell Healey, but that was of no importance since Callaghan had had a broad hint as early as December. Wilson's statement was quite lengthy, and he asked for complete silence while he read it. Except for Barbara Castle, the cabinet respected his wish. When she realized his purpose, Barbara cried, "Oh God!" No doubt she felt genuine distress for Wilson, but if she knew that Callaghan would succeed, she knew also that she was for the chop. There is a strong mutual dislike.

When Gladstone resigned, there were so many tears that he talked scornfully of "the blubbering cabinet," but it was noted that the minister who spoke for his colleagues read from a paper that was yellow with age. Nobody could accuse the "old man in a hurry" of showing undue haste in quitting the stage.

It was different with Harold Wilson. Most of his cabinet appears to have been taken completely by surprise and quite naturally assumed that his given reasons were less than the whole truth. They were in the same mood as Talleyrand when he asked why an important person had not arrived for a conference. Told that the man had died on the way there, he said, "Ah, that explains it." He paused and added thoughtfully, "But I wonder what was his real reason." Friends and enemies alike wondered what was Harold's real reason. Harold Macmillan, the politician he most admires, is reported to suspect that something very nasty is about to happen and that the other Harold has neatly ducked to let his dear friend Jim take it in the face.

The new Prime Minister ran into trouble straightaway. The lengthy process of electing a leader was loudly proclaimed to be proof of Labor's democratic principles, but the repeated votes at lessening intervals sent the pound shuddering down, and the very large vote for Michael Foot made foreigners wonder if Labor's democracy had any relation to sanity. Michael Foot is a very nice and intelligent man, but his political ideas are enough to make a Zurich banker have second and kindlier thoughts of the Italian lira.

Callaghan is not a very intelligent man, as was amply demonstrated by his television address to the nation. To quote Churchill on another speech, it contained every cliché known to man except "God is Love" and "Gentlemen, kindly adjust your dress before leaving." There is a widespread belief that there is nothing at all between the Callaghan ears except an instinctive cunning. Disraeli said that his Mr. Rigby had "a restless instinct for adroit baseness." If that judgment would be rather hard on Sunny Jim, at least he has a very sensitive instinct for adroit something or other.

He was born in Wales, son of a naval petty officer who was a renegade Irish Catholic. His mother was a Baptist, and he was brought up in that faith. If it had not been for her stubbornness he might never have been born at all, for Callaghan senior was anxious to join Captain Scott's Antarctic expedition. If he had, he might have perished near the South Pole before he became a father. In fact, he died while his son was still a young boy, so there was no higher education for the future Prime Minister, a fact which he still deeply regrets.

Callaghan made his way in the world by becoming an official of a white-collar union. Halfway through the War,

(Continues on page 745)

Mr. Brogan, a long-time contributor to NR, *is a long-time student of Britain's Labor Party.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MOONIES

One Big Family

RICHARD BROOKHISER

I COME INTO Yankee Stadium behind homeplate. The Reverend Sun Myung Moon is holding his Bicentennial God Bless America Festival; for weeks, the city has been plastered with his posters. The first two decks are full and there is a good crowd in the third deck and the bleachers; almost everyone here is excited—either raucous, or cynical, or enthusiastic. I take a seat beside a relatively subdued man in a beige raincoat. "Are you for Reverend Moon?" I ask, and he replies, "Oh, I'm not for or against; I'm just . . . looking for someone."

Bags of white balloons hang from the rafters like pollen sacs; entire sections wave plastic American flags in unison; a band on third base (the Go-World Brass Band) plays good-time music. The local punks—dudes in their pimping clothes, bearded creatures in railroad caps—stream steadily in through the tunnels, but they can't believe it; they stand in the aisles and gawk until some Moonie (wearing a red, white, and blue sash) directs them courteously, but firmly, to an empty seat.

I tell the man in the raincoat that one of the last things I saw at college this year was a bunch of these people marching down Elm Street singing "God Bless America." He asks where I go to school, and how many more years I have left. Then he mentions that he is here to look for his daughter.

I don't quite know what to say. "How old is she?"

"Sixteen . . . she was 15 when she disappeared."

"Do they . . . is she allowed to write to you?"

He stares, perhaps at the Marlboro sign. "I haven't heard from her in two years."

The music could be Lawrence Welk. A cheery-voiced emcee leads the crowd in "When the Saints Go Marching In." He asks them to wave their flags. "I don't think this section is waving them very hard," he says, pointing to the first base side, and the first base side waves harder. He recognizes two huge banners from Canada, then asks where people come from. Cheers for Connecticut, New Jersey, New York. "You know," he says, "our goal here tonight is to become one big family!"

The man in the raincoat is not bitter. "For some kids, I guess it really does good. Some kids come in—on drugs—all messed up—and these people really straighten them out. I'd just like to hear from her . . ." He looks around. "She might not even be here; I just came up to this thing . . . on the chance . . ."

"Where are you from?" I ask.

"Philadelphia."

"Well, the band wants a break now," the emcee says. "Do you want to give them a break?" *No!* yells the crowd. "Then let's hear some more Songs of the Spirit of '76!" The crowd cheers; the scoreboard shows flying flags, spacious skies, amber waves of grain.

"Well, my last train's at nine o'clock, I'd better be looking around some more." The man in the raincoat gets up and pats me on the back. "So long." I move to another section, where there are more Moonies.

THE New York City Symphony plays the last movement of Beethoven's Fifth, which is followed by the Korean Folk Ballet, and the thrill-seekers begin to get restive. White balloons trickle down from vandalized bags, and in the third deck there is a smoke bomb. Finally the preliminaries are over, and the Reverend himself comes to the podium. He begins talking, in Korean, and there is the first boo of the evening. "Speak English!" shouts the guy behind me.

Moon speaks in Korean for a paragraph, then a translator supplies the English. The translator sounds like the Tojo caricatures on old Popeye cartoons; Moon sounds like his translator, taped and played backward. The speech lasts a good hour.

I have heard that Moon is funded by the CIA, and for five minutes one could almost believe it. He talks about God and America and moral decay; but then the mind begins to flash danger signals. Moon is a shameless blasphemer; he says things about the United States that should not be said about any human creation—not to mention what he says about himself.

Moon was born in 1920; on Easter morning in his 16th year, he received a vision from Jesus Christ. He is now come, like a doctor, to heal an ailing America, which is God's chosen nation; and he implies, though he does not say, that he is the Messiah.

It is possible that Moon believes it. There are South Sea Islanders who worship America; and medieval history is strewn with maniac second comings. As recently as the last century, China was wracked by a rebellion led by Jesus Christ's younger brother. It is also possible that Moon is out for a buck.

Down the aisle, a bearded man breaks away from a smiling Moonie, shouting "Jesus saves!" A minute later, a chanting mob bursts out of the tunnel below and leaps into the box seats. Moonies come running pell-mell from all over the section; I see one get hit in the face, but he doesn't strike back. The spectators start to stream away, though the hard core remains.

The singers come back for the grand finale, "God Bless America." A whole flock of colored balloons lies untouched behind the plate. These now sail away; a pretty girl hugs a friend in a baseball cap; a young man to my right cranes his neck toward the dark sky. "Look at them!" he murmurs.

Leaving the stadium, I step into a religious Reichstag: Jesus people, Moonies, Bayside Catholics, Black Muslims; also hot dogs, pretzels, and trucks full of Mr. Softee. The crowd takes the leaflets, drops them, chokes the street, and flows thickly down into the subway. I overhear discussions. "The main thing about Jesus is that I wear my hair like this, and you wear your hair like that—" "But if you accept the fact, Madam, that the Serpent represents Satan—" The last evangelist hands me his leaflet: "Jesus is Lord, not Reverend Moon."

I wonder if the man in the raincoat got back to Philadelphia. □

Richard Brookhiser, a senior at Yale, is NR*'s summer editorial assistant.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA

The cost of malpractice insurance is going the way of the federal budget. A lawyer dissects the problem and writes his own prescription

Malpractice Insurance: A Way Out?

GODFREY SCHMIDT

THE PROBLEM with malpractice insurance is its unavailability, at reasonable premium rates, to surgeons and physicians, especially orthopedic surgeons, plastic surgeons, neurosurgeons, and physicians working on emergency cases. The premiums for orthopedic surgeons can go well over $40,000 a year. Even the general practitioner, the doctor least exposed to malpractice suits, has to pay at least $3,000 a year for malpractice insurance.

In 1960, physicians and hospitals paid $61 million for malpractice insurance. The 1975 figure is expected to go above $1 billion. The number of malpractice claims continues to rise without any relationship to negligent or faulty medical or surgical care. Nearly $244 million was paid in premiums by hospitals and doctors in the state of New York alone last year. A report released a few months ago by New York Governor Carey's Special Advisory Panel on Medical Malpractice predicted that premiums for hospitals and doctors will increase to nearly half a billion dollars in the next three or four years. All the costs of malpractice insurance are eventually translated into increased medical costs, both to the patient and, through Medicaid, to the taxpayer.

The rise in premiums is not only increasing hospital costs, it is forcing doctors to refuse cases they are qualified to handle, and even driving some of them out of their profession. In addition, the insurance system itself is breaking down. All major malpractice insurers have withdrawn from New York, Florida, and certain other states. In parts of California, doctors have gone on strike in protest over skyrocketing premiums. All this is the result of the exorbitant settlements awarded by juries, which in turn are the result of: the machinations of dishonest lawyers; the admission of testimony by unscrupulous or dishonest medical experts; the greed and spite of claimants; the myth that surgery and medicine are "exact sciences," which causes patients to expect total success; and, of course, the mistakes, negligence, or genuine malpractice of a small number of physicians whose incompetence has been demonstrated beyond reasonable doubt.

In recent years more than thirty states have adopted some form of legislation to cope with the problems of rapidly rising insurance costs. At least 22 states have authorized joint underwriting associations in which insurance companies writing personal liability insurance jointly share the risk of insuring physicians and surgeons. The Special Advisory Panel on Medical Malpractice recommended some changes in the law of torts affecting malpractice suits, one of which would limit the legal fees a negligence lawyer could collect—some get as much as 50 per cent of the settlement. Such reform is long overdue, but it does not go to the heart of the problem.

It has been suggested that arbitration procedures might help, with panels of arbitrators chosen by local medical societies. But that will not change the actuarial data of computation, and does not affect the law that allows "bleeding heart" verdicts.

Trial by jury is a clumsy and inappropriate way to measure a doctor's competence. Consider the following aspects of malpractice litigation:

1. The varieties of prejudice against physicians and surgeons expressed by politicians, consumer groups, and trade union leaders.
2. The failure of juries, judges, lawyers, and others to understand the nature of the methods available to physicians and surgeons. These methods cannot always or even often claim certitude. They must rest on probabilities.
3. The misconception that a doctor is able, or has the duty, to know all the latest research developments and all the new methods pertaining to his profession or specialty.
4. The inadequacy of the rules of evidence in eliciting facts.
5. The irrationality of the now universal rule that requires

Mr. Schmidt, a resident of New York, is a lawyer who specializes in labor law. This is his first appearance in NATIONAL REVIEW.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the plaintiff to prove his case only by a "fair preponderance of the evidence."

Medicine and surgery are not exact sciences any more than law, engineering, or architecture. They require action upon the basis of probable justification in those situations (especially emergency situations) where competent appraisals can vary. It has become the business of unprincipled negligence lawyers to persuade jurors that decisions made in such matters, where doctors can legitimately disagree, are really acts of malpractice—if they turn out to be wrong. But surely it is absurd to have juries sit in judgment when two doctors disagree with each other.

Competent physicians and surgeons frequently differ as to diagnoses, treatments, prescriptions, methods, etc.—all with no reflection on their professional reputations. They often work in areas where certitude simply doesn't exist, where the alternative to acting on the basis of mere probability is not acting at all.

Outside of mathematics, "scientific certitude" is itself largely based on probabilities. The scientific method proceeds from 1) observations, 2) measurement (within limits of accuracy), and 3) experiments or tests—all leading to the formulation (often by educated guess) of merely probable hypotheses or theories. Doctors who are questioned by lawyers as to the scientific certitude of their diagnoses, treatments, or methods should not be expected to come up with answers more scientific or more certain than their realm of inquiry admits of.

So much for the scientific background. Now to the law.

Juries Examining Doctors

THE COMMON LAW standard of negligence is the failure to use that degree of care which an ordinarily prudent man would exercise in the same circumstances. Such a definition of the tort of negligence is inadequate when applied to the practice of physicians and surgeons. The ordinary jury, asked to determine whether a doctor is responsible for a death or disability, is not reasonably competent to do so. The doctor is not being judged by a jury of his peers.

In medicine, there is often more than one way to attain a given end. Condemnation of a physician's or surgeon's diagnosis, treatment, method, prescription, therapy, etc. should not be based on prejudice; it should not turn on a lawyer's ability to mislead a jury. It should be based upon proof of a special kind, a kind not ordinarily required in the civil courts.

As indicated above, the proof of malpractice or professional negligence must involve some degree of probability. But what degree? Logically considered, there are three: high, low, and middling (average) probability. No matter what the degree of probability, if a particular diagnosis is *probably* right, then by that very fact it is, in the logician's terminology, *probably* wrong.

Thus the inquiry narrows down still further to the *degree* of probability that a jury and judge should consider appropriate for exonerating or condemning a doctor. Obviously, if a surgeon leaves a sponge or a haemostat in the patient's body after an operation, that fact alone would be proof beyond a reasonable doubt of malpractice. But most verdicts of malpractice are not based upon such clear-cut evidence of either incompetence or negligence. The law as it stands and legal procedures as they exist today are competent to deal with the easy situations, but they are not competent to deal justly with the many cases that are not so clear-cut: cases in which a doctor had sound medical reasons for believing that his diagnosis and treatment were justified.

In civil procedures, the proof needed to establish a particular charge is proof by a "fair preponderance of the evidence," though there is another type of proof, based on "clear and convincing evidence." In criminal cases, the proof needed to establish the guilt of the accused is proof "beyond a reasonable doubt." Obviously, it is usually harder to establish something beyond a reasonable doubt than to establish it by a fair preponderance of the evidence.

The Negligence Requirement

THE KIND of proof that a plaintiff in a malpractice suit ought in all fairness and justice to supply is the most stringent kind: proof beyond a reasonable doubt. Physicians and surgeons, when they make decisions in an area where informed and competent practitioners can and do differ, should never be condemned for acting on the basis of probable justification. They should be condemned only when the plaintiff has proven that the diagnosis or treatment had no justification at all, or was wrong beyond a reasonable doubt.

This means that a plaintiff in a malpractice suit should lose if a single competent medical or surgical expert testifies that the diagnosis, treatment, or method in question was not wrong beyond a reasonable doubt or that it had probable justification. A single expert's testimony is sufficient to raise reasonable doubt about the guilt of a doctor accused of malpractice or negligence.

The law, I submit, ought to be changed with regard to the degree of proof required to establish professional malpractice or negligence.

I suggest a statute that would read something like this:

> In all malpractice or negligence actions or proceedings against licensed lawyers, attorneys, engineers, veterinaries, architects, physicians, surgeons, and other licensed professionals, the plaintiff or plaintiffs shall be required to establish by proof beyond a reasonable doubt each element of the tort of negligence or malpractice alleged in the complaint.

In a malpractice or negligence suit, a doctor's professional competence is called into question, and the consequences of a verdict of guilty are as severe as the consequences of most verdicts of guilty in criminal cases. If proof beyond a reasonable doubt is required to establish that one is guilty of a crime, it is only fair that proof beyond a reasonable doubt should be required before depriving a physician of his reputation for competence, his professional status, his license to practice medicine, and his livelihood. A physician or surgeon should not be deprived of either his reputation or his practice when there is only a slight or even middling probability of malpractice. The highest degree of probability should be required to support the charge that a doctor is incompetent or was negligent.

Such a rule governing the burden of proof would do more than anything else to lower the rates for professional malpractice insurance and to protect professionals against the often unjust charges brought against them.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Estimates of the Situation

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

OVER THE WEEKEND of June 4-6 I took part in a conference of about 35 persons that met in London under the sponsorship of the Institute for the Study of Conflict. The announced topic was "Communicating the Soviet Threat." Among the participants there were several members of Parliament; Brian Beedham, foreign editor of *The Economist*; Robert Moss, editor of the special bulletin, *Foreign Report*, published by *The Economist*; Sir Robert Thompson, perhaps the best-known expert on unconventional warfare; Vice Admiral Sir Louis Le Bailly, Director General of British military intelligence 1972-75; Arnaud de Borchgrave, *Newsweek*'s chief European correspondent; Frank Barnett, President of the National Strategy Information Center (New York); Jon Vondracek of Georgetown University's Center for Strategic and International Studies; Iain Elliot, editor of *Soviet Analyst*; and associates of the sponsoring Institute, including its chairman, the noted Russian historian Leonard Schapiro; its director, Brian Crozier; the defense correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, Brigadier W. F. K. Thompson; and Major General Fergus Ling.

I shall here summarize key features of what in retrospect is my impression of the group's collective "estimate of the situation."

1. Detente is breaking down under the growing Western realization that the Soviet Union interprets the policy in such a way that it always works to a net Soviet instead of a mutual benefit. In Europe especially, the Angola episode has played a considerable role in promoting disillusion with detente.

2. The Helsinki agreement is an expression of detente and operates according to the asymmetrical detente rule. However, Helsinki's Basket Three (human rights) gives an opportunity for clarifying the public understanding of both detente and the Soviet system. This can be done through the "monitoring" of Soviet performance under Basket Three that has already begun.

3. There are signs of a major offensive turn in Soviet and Communist strategy. Among them: massive Soviet arms buildup, especially the transformation of the Soviet navy; the Angolan operation; establishment of a global system of Soviet-accessible bases (Aden, Somalia, Cuba, Angola, etc.); continuation of aggressive Communist operations in Southeast Asia.

Key to the Situation

4. The most critical factor in the global situation is the prospect of Communist entry into West European governments. All the conference participants (so far as I could judge) regarded the French Communist professions of independence and democracy as fraudulent. There was a division of opinion about the Italian party (PCI). No one expressed unqualified confidence that the PCI is in fact independent and Western, but several considered the point open. This, it was recognized, would pose a dilemma for NATO and the EEC if the Communists become part of the Italian government in the near future. Should they be given a trial period—of two or three years, say—to demonstrate in practice whether they are "good Europeans"? If they *are*, this obviously makes sense. But if they are not, NATO and the EEC will be accepting into their household, as members of the family, an alien whose actual purpose, however disguised for the moment, would be to corrode the military security (NATO) and politico-economic structure (EEC) of Western Europe. There was no agreement on how this dilemma would or should be dealt with.

5. Detente-expanded trade with the Soviet Union is heavily weighted to Soviet advantage. There seemed to be general agreement, even from the business spokesmen present, that there should be a restriction on the scale of the credits granted the Soviet Union so open-handedly in recent years, and a revival of strict control over the export of advanced technology. It was felt that most Western governments are in fact moving in this direction.

6. A number of the participants spoke in favor of more, and more generous, trade with China. Some argued that the Western nations should, within limits, export weapons and other military equipment to China. None believed that China could be, independently, a strategic threat to the West for another generation.

7. One of the English participants—there was no indication of the extent of agreement—predicted that there would be a decisive, in effect revolutionary, British crisis in the period between 12 and 24 months from now. At issue would be control of the government by the Marxist Left, presently entrenched in many of the most powerful trade unions, the left wing of the Labor Party, the student movement, the intelligentsia, etc. Whichever way the decision went, a more authoritarian rule would result.

Opportunity Lost

8. One of the most experienced military strategists stated the view that, for the United States and for the West, the Angolan episode had been a most irrational as well as disastrous lost opportunity. The Cuban intervention and Communist takeover could easily have been prevented by a minimum timely effort. A single elderly aircraft carrier off Luanda, even with one boiler down for repairs, would have been enough, as he put it. In addition, the Angolan episode had the ingredient essential to an action that could alter or even reverse the strategic equilibrium: actual and publicly recognized Soviet involvement. Without this an action can have only a local and minor significance; with it, the significance becomes global. There is no other pushover like Angola to be seen on the horizon. This means that an action capable of changing the strategic trend, now unfavorable to the West, will require a much larger and more dangerous effort.

9. It was unanimously agreed that the West can deal with the Soviet threat only through the leadership and example of the United States. "America," as one person summed up, "is our only superpower." It was assumed that the United States cannot make any firm or creative move before next January. It was not assumed (though it was not excluded) that the United States will do so thereafter. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Arts & Manners

The PRINTED WORD

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

Yellow Pages

Those who, during the McCarthy era, protested the loose charge of Communism were often strangely unscandalized when the supposed "slander" turned out to be true. Those who leaped to the defense of Alger Hiss (convicted weeks before McCarthy's "inaugural" at Wheeling) evinced little sense of betrayal later when a jury found him guilty of perjury; on the contrary, many of them seem to have been fortified in their faith and devotion. Today Hiss and other alleged Communists (and let us waive the question which, if any, of them were guilty) are widely presumed to have been victims merely in virtue of their having been accused. This is strong evidence that the real issue in the McCarthy era was never the verdict, but the accusation itself. There was, and remains, an anti-McCarthy sect whose unstated principal tenet is that the (hostile) imputation of Communism is *a priori* false. And this form of anti-anti-Communism is among the most respectable political bigotries of the day, which is why the champions of Hiss and the Rosenbergs quickly invoke the detested name of McCarthy, with all its repellent force: his mere mention effects a sort of magical exoneration-by-dissociation. (Nixon's name now has a similar potency in conjuration: at Princeton recently, Hiss defender John Chabot Smith insinuated that Allen Weinstein, whose researches have convinced him of Hiss's guilt, was a Nixon minion.)

A good account of the period is Lately Thomas' *When Even Angels Wept*, which supplements its brisk narrative with a comically overwrought editorial chorus drawn largely from the contemporary comments of *The New Republic* and *The Nation*. It was *The Nation* whose specialty was divining McCarthy's motives: it found him to be animated by Hitlerite ambitions and plans, and confidently surmised that he had even scheduled major surgery for political effect.

These two magazines exemplify two styles of American liberalism. *The New Republic* is inclined to intone, like the *New York Times*, the solemnly high-minded judgments of progressive civic-mindedness. It is above spite, peevishness, personalities, obsessions . . . well, it is just plain Above. *The Nation* is scrappy, argumentative, vituperative; it loves and hates. Its format is unapologetically drab, as its content is unapologetically ideological (left-socialist). Its contributors range from George McGovern on the right to Herbert Aptheker on the left; others include O. Edmund Clubb, Corliss Lamont, Ralph Nader, William Kunstler, and Thomas I. Emerson.

You gotta believe. How else do you get through a 3,000-word article, one of whose authors is Nader, entitled "Yellow Pages: The Quiet Monopoly"? In a world that contains Gulag camps and Idi Amin, it takes a special capacity for indignation to get alarmed by the Yellow Pages. Let nobody hereafter scoff at the right wing's preoccupation with lighthouses.

Of course *The Nation* has other concerns. Among the recurrent ones are Chile, Spain, Chile, Spain, Chile, Chile, and Spain. Ever tolerant of American citizens abroad who hobnob with Communist rulers, the magazine was outraged when Milton Friedman went to Chile to give the junta economic advice, and it called on Washington to find "some way" to bring the economist home. Likewise Spain is "totalitarian"; a term I have not been able to find applied to China or Russia (though the latter is termed a "terrorist state" in one editorial). Basque separatist claims are treated seriously, and there is a mention of the Basque "nation"; but of course "there is only one China," and the U.S. should do its part to see that Taiwan is reunited with the mainland. (*Yellow* Pages, for crying out loud.)

To HEAR *The Nation* tell it, Communists are always getting a bad shake abroad (especially in Spain, where they are moderate and democratic) and a bad press here. The sorry records of Communist governments constitute no valid presumption against the genuinely reformist Parties in Western Europe and the Third World. There will be "no bloodbath" in Indochina: such talk is "racist" (as of June 1975). Cuba is misbehaving in Angola, but then, they will regret it, if only we let nature take its course; and besides, after Vietnam, who are *we* to talk? Solzhenitsyn and his kind, though courageous, are "zealots" who would lead us into dangerous abrasions with the Soviets; Daniel Patrick Moynihan is "a clown on the make." (Yellow Pages!!)

Alger Hiss "has suffered much, and long, and with dignity," and is probably, most likely, almost certainly, Nixon prosecuted him, innocent. Our penal system is inhumane and feckless; "there is one class of criminals, however, which, we believe, should not be spared the shame and pain of imprisonment. . . . [Corporate criminals are] not at all deterred or rehabilitated by the gentle slap on the wrist they are now apt to get. . . . The threat of a mandatory jail sentence might truly deter the spread of corporate crime." Yellow Pages. Judith and H. Stuart

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hughes argue that "the security of Israel rank[s] at the very top of our foreign policy commitments," and we should swap our tactical nuclear weapons in Europe for Soviet promises not to arm the Arabs—thereby hastening, they acknowledge unabashedly, the "Finlandization" of Europe. John Gittings suggests that the U.S. either used or planned to use germ warfare in Korea.

BUT THE MOST revealing article I have run across in *The Nation* is Thomas Emerson's "On Keeping a Revolution." Emerson teaches law at Yale, used to be president of the National Lawyers Guild, and is the nearest thing alive to a First Amendment absolutist. He spent two weeks in China and, civil libertarian that he is, was pleased to find that "it is safe to walk the streets at night." He found child labor too, but raised no objection, since this is "a key feature of the educational process." China, he concedes, "does not tolerate dissent that challenges the basic nature of the system. . . . Nevertheless, within these limits, the Chinese have undertaken to guarantee freedom of expression. The right to criticize was a natural outgrowth of the way Chairman Mao led the revolution," and this right is now incorporated in the constitution. Deadpan, he quotes Article 28 thereof, which guarantees, *inter alia*, "freedom to believe in religion and freedom not to believe in religion and to propagate atheism." He doesn't ask about the freedom to propagate religion. More fundamentally, he doesn't say or ask who writes the successive "Chinese" (he shuns "Communist") constitutions, or how their provisions are implemented. Nor does he—or for that matter *The Nation* itself—stop to wonder how it can mean anything at all to talk of freedoms within a country whose rulers kill those who attempt the crime of crossing the border. For the Emersons in China, as for the Webbs in Russia, parchment barriers seem impregnable.

George Orwell remarked that left-wingers want to be anti-fascist without being anti-totalitarian. Hence *The Nation*'s one-way criteria by which Spain and Chile flunk, while China and North Vietnam are exempted from scrutiny. As James Burnham puts it, for liberals the preferred enemy is always to the right: not the Red Menace, but the Yellow Pages. □

OPERA

LINDA BRIDGES

Darkness in the East

Think of the Bolshoi Opera and you probably think of Mussorgsky's *Boris Godunov*. But over the last two seasons, *Boris* has in a sense become the Metropolitan Opera's signature piece as well. Other operas (e.g., anything starring Joan Sutherland or Beverly Sills) have caused more excitement among the scalpers, but *Boris* has been consistently popular regardless of who was singing. And that is Martti Talvela as Boris whose menacing picture, sceptre poised to bludgeon the recalcitrant donor, adorns the Met's fundraising advertisements.

Boris is grand opera, and grandeur is what the Met does best: a cast of hundreds, filling the huge stage; Ming Cho Lee's massive sets, which look as solid as the real thing; and, in the Polish scene, three life-size, working fountains. The fountains were the last straw for one New York critic, who, in reaction, ricocheted over to the suggestion that grand-opera pretensions should be discarded altogether in these days of tight money. *Boris*, he said, would actually work better for a modern audience on a bare cyclorama.

As usual, in making a plausible minor point, this critic missed the major point: Russia isn't just the setting for *Boris Godunov*, she is a central character. The icon-screen backdrop, the front of the Ouspensky Cathedral, the long Kremlin wall with the domes of St. Basil's—these instantly evoke Boris' Russia, an un-Western, pre-Romanov Russia that you can still get a glimpse of by walking into Red Square at night.

Boris Godunov is the subject of almost as much controversy among musicologists as the events it dramatizes are among historians. The Imperial Theatre in St. Petersburg flatly rejected Mussorgsky's first (1869) version. He decided to revise the opera rather than abandon it: he provided a major female role by adding an entire new act (the Polish act, with the Pretender Dmitri's courtship of Princess Marina); he added several folk songs and made the harmonies somewhat more modern, one criticism of the 1869 version being that the music was harsh, "primitive," and unrelievedly gloomy; and he ended with the Simpleton's quiet lament for Russia rather than with Boris' dramatic death. This revised version was produced in 1872, but it never caught hold with the public until Mussorgsky's younger friend Rimsky-Korsakov re-orchestrated it, making it less stark and, in the view of most Western musicologists, much weaker. This is the version the Bolshoi still does; the Met opts for a modified 1872 version.

The opera begins with Russia's search for a successor to Czar Fyodor, Ivan

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Terrible's son. The peasants, on pain of being flogged if they show insufficient enthusiasm, are begging Boris Godunov, the regent, to take the throne; he finally does, amid the clanging of bells and the joyous shouts of the same chorus. The next scene takes place in the cell of an aged monk who is writing a history of Russia. He tells his young protégé, Grigori, that Ivan the Terrible's younger son, Dmitri, who should have succeeded Fyodor, was murdered on Boris' order. As he speaks, the thought begins to take shape in Grigori's mind: either he somehow is the Czarevich Dmitri, miraculously saved, or at any rate he will be Dmitri's avenger. (The historians seem to have ruled out the possibility that Grigori actually was Dmitri, though not the possibility that he believed he was.) Grigori flees to Poland; he declares himself to be Dmitri Ivanovich and starts collecting a Polish army. Boris is at first terrified that a living Dmitri may overthrow him; when he has been reassured that the real Dmitri Ivanovich is quite dead, he starts to think instead of his own soul, and sees the ghost of the murdered Czarevich in a corner of his room. (This is the "I suffocate" scene, which Chaliapin's recording made familiar to many who have never seen the opera.) In the last act, as news comes that Dmitri and his army have invaded Russia, Boris dies, calling to God for forgiveness. Finally, Dmitri comes to Moscow to take the throne—which he will occupy for only a year before he is murdered by Boris' old enemies.

THE CAST LIST for *Boris* is twice as long as for the average Italian opera of the same period, but three characters are particularly important: Boris, Dmitri, and the chorus. The Bolshoi's chorus was justly praised when it performed *Boris* in the U.S. last summer; but the Met's chorus, sometimes rather lackadaisical, rose to the occasion. It became a real, menacing presence: as the sullenly docile suppliant for Boris to take the throne; as the ferocious rejoicer in his having done so; as the taunting harbinger of his downfall.

If the central conflict is to have the proper tension, the Boris and the Dmitri must be well-matched; however, the Met has tended to put its stronger Boris with its weaker Dmitri, and vice versa. It has usually given the role of Dmitri to tenors with no vocal stamina, so that, by the end of the strenuous duet with Marina, one either couldn't hear Dmitri or wished one couldn't. This season a tenor new to the Met, Misha Raitzin, took the role for half the performances (not, alas, including the broadcast), and showed how it should be sung. He is Ukrainian by birth (he "emigrated" to Israel three years ago) and studied in Moscow, and he pronounces the words with conviction and accuracy. Nor is this important only to the Russian-speakers in the audience: Russian has a substantial, meaty sound, and that is the sound Mussorgsky was writing for. Raitzin's voice is not as large as one could wish, but he knows how to use it: where a lesser singer with the same basic vocal equipment would start to force—in the long run producing less sound, not more—Raitzin cuts through the dense orchestration by keeping his voice perfectly focused. Until the scene in Pimen's cell, we have heard only bass and baritone soloists; the sword thrust of Raitzin's bright, clear tenor is electrifying. And this vocal control is as important dramatically as it is musically. The proud Marina kneels before Dmitri; men risk battle, murder, and sudden death for him. When this Grigori announces that he is Dmitri, Czarevich of all the Russias, you're inclined to see why.

It is Boris, tormented by his own guilt even more than by Dmitri, who is at the center of the opera, and Jerome Hines, marvelous singer though he is, simply is not as much at home in the part as Martti Talvela. Talvela, the Finnish bass, has probably sung *Boris* more often, and better, than anyone since Chaliapin. With his imposing figure (at a guess, 6'6" and 300 pounds) and a voice to match, he is a worthy—not to say terrifying—Czar. The bits of stage business that, unfortunately, look like stage business when Hines does them are overpowering in Talvela's portrayal: when he sees the child's ghost he tries to hide behind a curtain, then in one motion tears it down and flings it at the vision; he crouches under a table, and, as the ghost approaches him, he tries to rise, carries the table up with him, and struggles to get free like some great wounded bear. In his death scene, after calling on God to forgive him, he draws himself up to his full height and falls head first off the four-foot-high dais where the throne sits.

But after all the men of power and ambition have left the stage, Russia has the final say: "Weep, weep bitter tears," sings the Simpleton. "Weep, soul of Russia." And she did, and does. □

MANNERS

SUSAN S. McDONALD

Crime and Etiquette

I tend to be a fearful person. I am apprehensive about things that seem to wrest all control from me: airplanes, diseases, mannerisms, and especially criminals. It is my gloomy conviction that to reside anywhere, but particularly in a big city, requires that you wrap yourself and your routines in a protective vigilance against crime—a caution so hermetic that it becomes, in its own way, as repressive as the ill-will and rapacity around you. Craven people like me will not only take pains to avoid personal attack; they will also rehearse it from time to time, plotting appropriate strategies of resistance for some imaginary crisis. Evening strolls become, on occasion, simulated combat exercises, wherein potential aggressors are detected and (invariably) thwarted.

These street-fantasies of mine, whatever their strategic value, have always seemed to immunize me against actual crime. Until recently, that is, when I became the victim of a noonday mugging on my own threshold: my real innocence of these matters was forever lost to an adolescent who had the delicacy to assure me that he didn't want to hurt me. All he wanted was The Money. I acquitted myself rather well in the bout, losing the cash but retaining my identification cards and gaining the assurance that I was capable of a throaty scream when the occasion arose.

In retrospect (and there was a lot of retrospect—a crime victim tends to reenact every microsecond of his experience for days), I gave less thought to statutory law 'n' order than to the unwritten code of street etiquette that governs everything from how we position ourselves at a traffic crossing to how we ask a stranger for directions. Those rules are frequently tacit, but all the more sacrosanct and binding for being unstated. They evolved in order

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to manage the flow of strangers and, at the same time, protect the "public" character of the streets. For example, you may ask any passerby the time and are likely to get a helpful answer so long as you do not approach too near or too fast. But you will get no response at all except pained avoidance if you say, "Pardon me, my name is So-and-So . . . could you give me the time?" That is one of those neat little rules we all know but don't generally know that we know. They state the terms of public encroachment; they allow our dealings with strangers to remain civil yet securely impersonal.

Criminal assault, on the other hand, is a very intimate act, even if what's lost is only your wallet and your self-esteem. It demonstrates the ease with which an unknown aggressor is capable of penetrating the most carefully guarded anonymity, of hurdling the most gaping social-class discrepancy. Your fate is for the moment (and perhaps forever) bound up with a total stranger, and you leave the encounter feeling that in a real, if not literal, way you have been pierced, unraveled, and publicized—the amenities circumvented, the terms of self-disclosure wrested from your control.

IRONICALLY, the very rules of public etiquette that protect us from intrusion under conventional circumstances endanger us when we are victims of criminal intent. The tendency to construe a stranger's approach as harmless (because it would be embarrassing to flee without provocation), the common inability to scream when attacked (because years of social training instruct us to be mute, or at least reserved, in public), the reluctance to respond forcefully to a threatening situation lest we shame ourselves with physical excess—all these civilized constraints give the edge to people who operate outside of our system of street etiquette. Routine ploys to detain and distract a potential victim—like asking for a cigarette—tend to be effective because people are usually ready to pay their passage by placating the social "aggressor." Strangers who behave strangely are assumed to be brash or eccentric rather than harmful, until all optimistic interpretations are entirely foreclosed.

Interestingly enough, there is a popular maxim that dogs and criminals attack only the fearful, and that temerity is therefore the best defense against people with lawless impulses. Liberals seem particularly inclined to this viewpoint (in which responsibility somehow reverts to the victim), perhaps because they see crime as a legitimate expression of rage and resistance, or because they feel personally immune to it by virtue of their good will and simpatico politics. I know nothing at all about dogs but I suspect that criminals tend to attack the vulnerable and unwary, with no special indulgences or exemptions granted. People who wear bravado like a talisman against attack are submitting to another, more subtle form of cowardice, one which criminality routinely exploits: the fear of seeming ill-mannered, socially awkward, or plain silly.

In my own case, had I not, upon hearing rapid footsteps behind me, paused to hold the door open for a fellow tenant, my mugger would have been left empty-handed at the doorstep, obliged to find another post, another pigeon. Similarly, an acquaintance of mine has confessed that she often resists responding to her front doorbell when she is alone in order to avoid the prospect of facing strangers across the barricade, and of being obliged to assess their credentials. It seems rude and demeaning to cast aspersions on honest tradesmen; awkward to send the meter-reader away without his numbers. But as cumbersome and belligerent as such basic precautions may seem, they are almost always safer than the course of least social resistance. Crime transposes social amenities into personal liabilities.

PARTLY FOR that reason, the rent a mugger makes in one's self-confidence is not repaired for days, even weeks. A feeling that you are still vulnerable makes you recoil more actively from "threatening" people and places, and sensitizes you to the uncomfortable proximity of others in crowds. There is also, however, a temptation to search the streets for "your" mugger. The fear of encountering him again is qualified by a strange exhilaration at the thought that a person who stole your money, drew your tears, and left you lying in the street like an overturned beetle might yet view you intact again, with your self-possession restored. (In much the same way, people need time to regain their dignity and reconstitute themselves in a doctor's consultation room after the embarrassment of an examination has disassembled them, physically and psychologically.)

I am now no more fearful of the prospect of assault or theft than I used to be. Partly, it is because I had a repository of fear in search of an episode, and my experience provided an opportunity for its release. On the other hand, I don't feel inoculated by the experience. Still terrified of planes and criminal assault, I avoid air travel when I can, maintain my combat-readiness in the city streets, and try to remember that while no amount of vigilance or rehearsal can protect me from all the unsavory possibilities in my own life, there is nothing sacrilegious about worshiping a craven image. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS

Hisstory

NATHANIEL WEYL

Alger Hiss
By John Chabot Smith
Holt, Rinehart, 485 pp., $15

For a quarter of a century, a zealous band of liberals and pseudo-liberals has attempted to transform the Alger Hiss espionage case into a rerun of the Dreyfus affair. The books seeking to vindicate Hiss have advanced various bizarre hypotheses, but have failed to shake the veridicality of Whittaker Chambers' testimony. The sole advantage John Chabot Smith's work has over its predecessors is its appearance at a time when the harrying of Richard Nixon and the assault on the CIA and the FBI made the success of this dubious venture seem possible.

Unfortunately for Smith, Professor Allen Weinstein of Smith College had previously taken successful legal action to force the FBI to release 15,000 pages of material on the case. In an article-length treatment of Smith's theories in *The New York Review of Books*, Weinstein demolished his central forgery-by-typewriter hypothesis—but I shall not go into the intricacies of that matter here.

For those too young to remember, in 1950 Alger Hiss, a high official of the FDR State Department and an ancillary midwife of the United Nations, was convicted of perjury in connection with Soviet espionage and sentenced to five years' imprisonment. Hiss's accuser and former boss in the Soviet underground, Whittaker Chambers, had defected in 1938 because of moral revulsion and fear of liquidation in the Stalin purges. During the Nazi-Soviet alliance, Chambers tried to inform President Roosevelt that there was a Communist espionage underground in the U.S. Government and listed the Hiss brothers among its members. This information was taken to FDR by Assistant Secretary of State Adolf Berle, Ambassador William Bullitt, labor leader David Dubinsky, and columnist Walter Winchell. For reasons never explained, the President turned a deaf ear.

In 1948, Chambers publicly charged Hiss with having held membership in the Communist Party. When Hiss denied the accusation, Chambers followed it up with charges of espionage, submitting as proof microfilms of classified State Department documents, memoranda in Hiss's handwriting, and copies of secret cables and reports that were later shown to have been typed on the machine Mrs. Hiss had used for ordinary correspondence.

In seeking to refute this and other evidence, Smith leans heavily on the supposed contrast between the exemplary background of Alger Hiss (who actually came from a troubled family and whose father and sister committed suicide) and the allegedly murky origins of Whittaker Chambers. He dwells on Hiss's brilliant government career, enumerates his influential and loyal friends, and notes his undoubted charm and intellectual distinction. This would be most telling had Hiss been charged with selling heroin to children. Unfortunately for defenders of Hiss, however, ideologically motivated espionage in behalf of a millenarian movement often attracts psychologically flawed but gifted, courageous, highly educated, and apparently altruistic members of the elite. Hiss had much in common with Klaus Fuchs, Bruno Pontecorvo, and Richard Sorge.

The case for the defense, as Smith presents it, darts from one hypothesis to another. Its motif seems to be that, in a devilish scheme to ruin Hiss, Chambers stole the Hiss typewriter, then substituted one so cleverly designed it could be used for forgery. Whether the FBI and Richard Nixon were implicated in this sinister plot remains unstated, but there are dark hints.

In order to accept this bizarre theory over the commonsense conclusion that Hiss stole the documents for his Soviet superiors, a reader of normal intelligence would have to believe that there was no corroborative evidence of Hiss's membership in the Communist underground. To create this false impression, Smith suppresses evidence available to him. "Apart from the evidence at the trials," he writes on page 143, "the only outside support Chambers' story ever received was from Nathaniel Weyl . . ."

This is simply untrue. William C. Bullitt, Roosevelt's Ambassador to France, stated that Premier Daladier told him in 1939 that, in smashing a Red spy ring, French intelligence had learned that two State Department officials named Hiss were Soviet agents. Smith does not mention this. If he had done so, he would have found it hard

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to explain how the "deadbeat" Chambers had the power to plant this report in the French Premier's office. Nor does Smith mention that in May 1945 the defected Soviet code clerk Igor Gouzenko told Canadian intelligence that the Russians had an agent who was "assistant" to Secretary of State Stettinius.

The Smith book is crammed with extraneous information about Hiss's early life, but skips hurriedly over the years of probable espionage involvement. Its political analysis is a lifeless and elementary rehash of the theme that American concern about disloyalty in Washington was part of the "hysteria" of the time. Mr. Smith reaches numerous extraordinary conclusions: at one point he even claims that the Soviets would have had no interest in Bullitt's 1938 conversation with French Foreign Minister Delbos about French efforts to achieve a rapprochement with Hitler.

SMITH SAYS he has worked for 28 years on this book. I find that an appalling admission. He gives no evidence of having interviewed living witnesses hostile to Hiss's claims; he glides over and misrepresents such vital testimony as that of Hede Massing; he ignores novelist Josephine Herbst's statement that she recollects that Alger Hiss knew Whittaker Chambers as "Karl" in the Washington underground; he refers to neither Sidney Hook's nor Isaac Don Levine's illuminating reminiscences about the case; he has obviously not read the documents that the FBI released; he ignores the testimony of Julian Wadleigh, Wadleigh's ex-wife, Felix Inslerman, and William Edward Crane on the reality of Chambers' spymaster activities; he suggests that Chambers could not have used the "pumpkin papers" as his "life preserver" because there is no evidence that he told the CP that he had them—yet the testimony of Inslerman, Hook, and Ludwig Lore's widow decisively contradicts this. A writer has the privilege of interpreting the evidence as he wishes, however farfetched his conclusions. But he owes his readers and his own self-respect a fair and honest presentation of the facts.

I am also puzzled by other omissions. Anyone who expressed interest in the Hiss case in the 1950s became the recipient of a vast amount of information. For example, a British naval officer named Coleridge told me that, when he accompanied the British delegation to Yalta, his American opposite numbers told him not to talk freely before Alger Hiss because Hiss was a suspected Soviet agent. Paul Porter was similarly admonished in 1945.

Smith finds Whittaker Chambers' reluctance to destroy Hiss motivationally suspect, but fortunately human decency is not that rare. Moreover, those of us who were once involved in Communist activities tend to look back on them with revulsion and wish to blot the whole business from our minds. My own involvement in the affair is that I served with Hiss in the original secret CP unit in government in 1933-34 before it turned to espionage; resigned from government in mid-1934 to escape a distasteful situation; avoided revealing my role as long as possible; and finally gave the FBI the facts in 1950.

After my public testimony, Norman Thomas told me he thought the great unsolved mystery of the Alger Hiss affair was the reaction of the liberals. By claiming to be a spokesman for liberal ideals while actually serving Stalin's odious dictatorship, Alger Hiss, he believed, had tarnished American liberal causes and perhaps done them greater disservice than anyone else in our history. Yet the liberals defended Hiss and continued to proclaim his innocence.

That mystery remains. □

My Own Ground
By Hugh Nissenson
Farrar, 182 pp., $7.95

THE GENUINE ARTICLE

D. KEITH MANO

Did you know that parents in Czarist Odessa purged their children with a fabulous enema device, half goose quill and half calf's bladder? I didn't: but now I won't have to frisk myself for small talk at our next church dance. (See. Russians never were regular folk, despite the loud assurance of Detente. Makes me wonder what Stalin's Great Purge looked like.) Did you know that McKinley was featured on a 1912 $10 bill? Or that peasants in the Ust Kut wore nets of tarry horsehair against the sanguinivorous black fly? Or that some pressers on the Lower East Side took home eight cents per tweed jacket (each hot iron weighed 14 pounds)? *My Own Ground* is a slender museum. Hugh Nissenson's themes are elemental and abstract. I sense that he's been laying off on his bets. Look, Nissenson implies, maybe you won't agree with or understand the premise of my novel, but at least you'll pick up some hard information. I intend no snide parallel—Hugh Nissenson and Arthur Hailey should never be joined by a conjunction—still, this is the same strategy that operates in *Airport* or *Hotel*. Objects, events, processes, their authenticity will stand guarantee for less researchable matters: passion and spirit and human worth.

My Own Ground isn't a Jewish novel. It's too Jewish for that. The Jewish novel, so-called, has always been a second- or third-generation artifact. Nissenson's people are still East European and, when you're getting eight cents per tweed jacket plus a lot of *tsuris*—who can afford to moralize full-time the way Herzog and Mr. Sammler do? Guilt, high-class ethical refereeing, those are primary themes of modern Jewish fiction. But guilt, to adapt Wordsworth's formula, should best be recollected in tranquillity, not at the presser's bench. A Bellovian or Malamudian hero has leisure; he's in the business of judging, himself and civilization. Usually, usually reluctantly, he chooses involvement, crashes America as if it were some goys-only social club. I think of the old man I know in Central Park who will umpire softball games, whether you want him to or not. Safe, he calls. Out. Making fine moral distinctions. Yet the game ignores him.

YOUNG Jake Brody, Nissenson's first-person protagonist, seems more a utensil than a hero. It will be for his children to write the Jewish novel. *My Own Ground* is signed JACOB BRODY. ELMIRA, NEW YORK. 1965. He's a double immi-

---

It is uncertain whether **John Kiley** *is Johannes Eff or whether Johannes Eff is John Kiley. . . .* **Harvey E. Phillips** *is an opera stage director and a critic of the performing arts. . . .* **Roland Stromberg** *is a professor of European history at the University of Wisconsin–Milwaukee; his latest book is* After Everything: Western European History since 1945. . . . **Nathaniel Weyl** *is the author of many books on politics and government.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RANDOM NOTES

■ MORE JULY TITLES: Our candidate for the R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr. Award for the swellest political reportage by a journalist over the age of 35: *Mencken's Last Campaign: H. L. Mencken on the 1948 Election* (New Republic Books, $8.95), edited and with an introduction by Joseph C. Goulden. . . . Although the main thesis of Peter Gay's new book—that an artist's life is the product of many "causes"—is less than startling, *Art and Act: On Causes in History—Manet, Gropius, Mondrian* (Harper, $15) is, like all of this intellectual historian's work, worth dipping into. . . . The idea behind David Sanford's *Ralph & Me: Is Nader Unsafe for America?* (New Republic Books, $7.95) appears to be that Nader is unsafe at any speed. . . . Harry Stein has written *Tiny Tim* (Playboy Press, $8.95), about a man who likes tulips, ukuleles, makeup, and five showers a day—and is alive and well someplace. . . . Albert Lee, a Detroit landlord who tried to rent the poor decent places to lay their heads and at the same time to turn himself a profit, describes his experiences in *Slumlord!* (Arlington House, $7.95). His tenants were uncooperative.

There's no mind like an empty mind, says J. Krishnamurti in *Krishnamurti's Notebook* (Harper, $10). . . . Parents should help their young to "experience sex as a joyous part of life," in the opinion of the generous Hal M. Wells, PhD, in *Your Child's Right to Sex* (Stein & Day, $7.95). Sex play between kids of the opposite sex, same sex, between siblings—swell! . . . Read all about the Ordeal of Fatty Arbuckle in David Yallup's *The Day the Laughter Stopped* (St. Martin's, $10.95). . . . In *The New Charismatics: The Origins, Development, and Significance of Neo-Pentecostalism* (Doubleday, $7.95), Richard Quebedeaux writes: "Charismatic Renewal is a celebration in our generation that God has not forgotten His promises, that He is, in fact and deed, a living God, totally committed to work in *evidential* ways through the lives of those committed to Him." Smooth as Georgia's finest peanut butter, isn't it? . . . Lester G. Cappon served as editor-in-chief of the *Atlas of Early American History: The Revolutionary Era 1760–1790* (Princeton University Press, $100; $125 after Dec. 31). It's been in the making since about 1760. . . . Mirra Komarovsky, in *Dilemmas of Masculinity: A Study of College Youth* (Norton, $9.95), talks ominously of role strain in the liberated era, but at least half the population will be gratified to learn that most young men do not doubt that women should bear the brunt of child-bearing—sorry, child-*rearing*.

■ OVERLOOKED FROM JUNE: Anita and Abbie Hoffman's *To America with Love: Letters from the Underground* (Stonehill, $9.95). Rot in Peace.

grant, from Russia, from the Lower East Side. In second- and third-generation Jews, I think, emigration—particularly to materialist America—was cud for a leisurely guilt. No doubt Auschwitz, if not Russian pogroms, reinforced this uneasiness. They should have been there: suffering is a vocation. Goose quills and tarry horsehair and gas ovens were more authentic, more earthed than the sweatshop. But Jake Brody is a survivor; he doesn't choose involvement. He just sees. Though Jake has tranquillity enough in Elmira for recollection, there is little feeling and less guilt. As Jewish heroes go, he's a disgrace to the profession.

HANNELE, Rabbi Isaac's daughter, is an ethical mercury switch. One week she wants to get *shtupped* by Schlifka, the pimp, or some client of his; one week she'd prefer sexless housekeeping for Roman Osipovich, an ascetic Marxist. Jake doesn't judge Hannele. Anyway, religion has been outmoded along with homemade purgatives; American genius will manufacture some guttapercha replacement for the Talmud. It's significant that Jake speaks both English and Yiddish: he functions, throughout, as an interpreter; his narrative style has the self-effacing, precise tone of simultaneous translation. Jake, too, can switch on and off. He'll accept money from Schlifka, who has set him on Hannele's tail. He'll accept lectures from Osipovich, without any commitment. It's the habit of interpreters to noodge events. Jake forces a brutal confrontation between pimp and Marxist, but these are learning experiences, as your child might push its roly-poly, one side, then another, to see how far it will go. Hannele commits suicide: her disinvolvement. Jake heads for Elmira, which, with all due respect to that city, is somewhat analogous.

I don't judge either. I accept Jake's attitude; hell, what's wrong with being a survivor? The tone has aptness to it. But then, as if he distrusted himself, Nissenson hauls Jake back from Elmira for a big Dream Sequence. Typical stuff: earth mother, cannibalism, birth, hot-housed psychodrama. I happen to think you should get one buck off every novel that sports a Dream Sequence (some of my own would have gone straight from press to remainder house at that rate). It clanks here; the terse, impartial narrative is spoiled. Nissenson seems guilty for Jake. The second or third generation has intruded after all. □

The Silent Clowns
By Walter Kerr
Knopf, 374 pp., $17.95

MR. KERR'S SECOND PASSION

HARVEY E. PHILLIPS

Walter Kerr has been going to the theater so long—by theater I mean the place where people move around in their own three-dimensional flesh—that his fascination with movies, specifically silent movies, may come as a surprise to his constant readers. As one of that tribe I admit to the reaction, for *The Silent Clowns* is such a full-throated paean to a very other theater, the one of flickering flat shadows, that the manifestation of this second passion cannot but amaze.

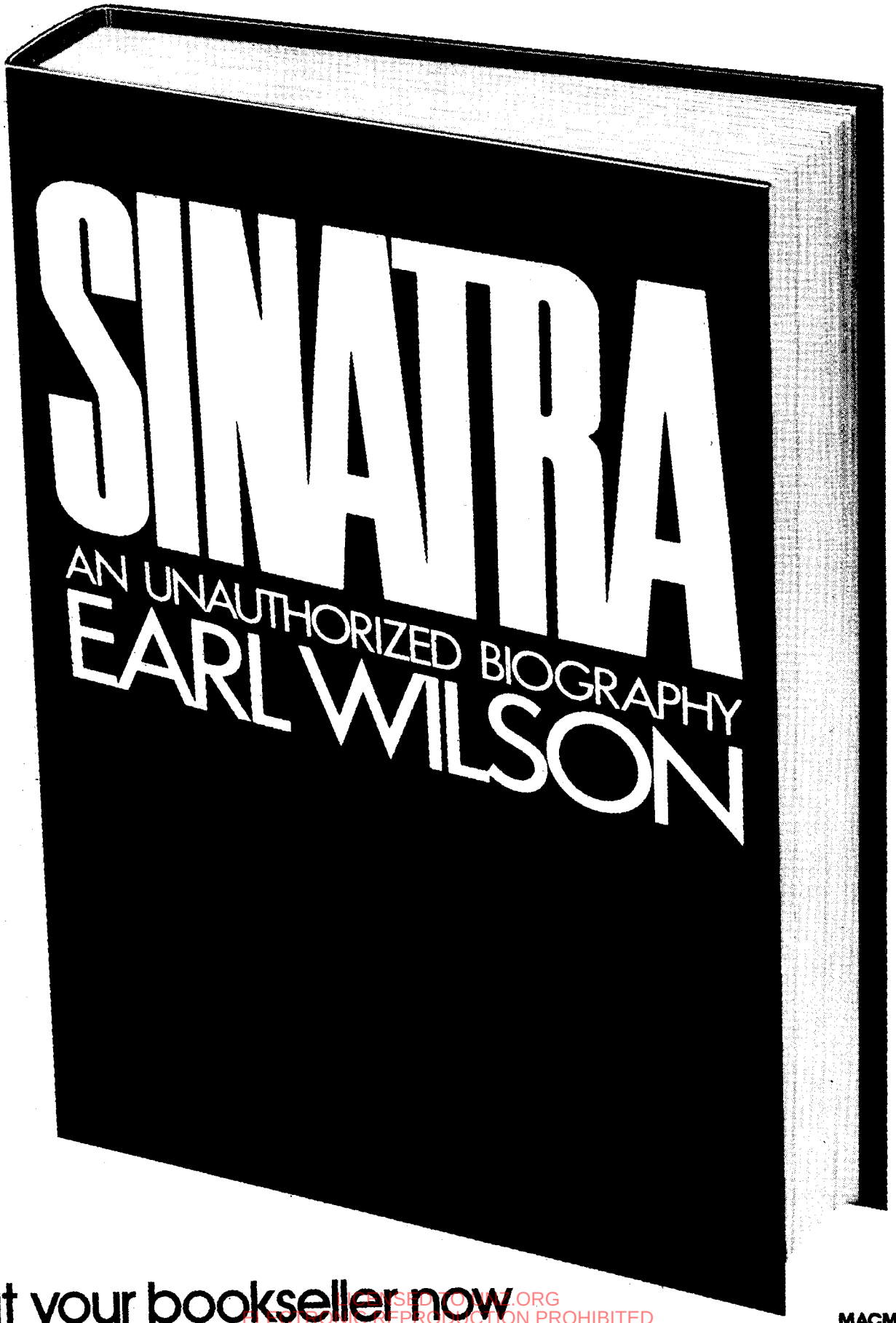
Well, why *not* an equal love for film? One need not be monogamous among the muses, and Kerr's admirers will find adequate ammunition in this outsized volume to prove that his forthright perceptions work as well in one medium as in the other. Those who would fault Kerr as an enthusiast riding a crest of self-indulgent tropes (all those valentines sent to perky supporting actresses, missives John Simon likes to intercept and remail as letter bombs) will see the same mind in operation. The naysayers will claim that with Kerr any subject that involves a performer will do; that after silent film, he might as well move on like Norman Mailer or Martin Mayer, and exercise his prose on, well, let's see . . . juggling.

Kerr does occasionally give the impression of using his material as grist for the copy mill, but his detractors would have to look far for a critic who is willing to expend as much energy in covering all facets of his topic. Thoroughness is a hallmark of *The Silent Clowns*. And this virtue has been applied here to a preoccupation that, Kerr is careful to reveal, goes back to his boyhood.

His underlying thesis is that film, be-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ladies and Gentlemen:



at your bookseller now.

LICENSED TO MVLE.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

$9.95

MACMILLAN

ing essentially a visual art, was at its best when it did not come with sound, and that the men who could use this visual, soundless art most eloquently were the comics. The clowns of silent cinema were able to attain on the screen a fullness of expression denied to other actors, who had to wait for 1929 and the death of silent movies to come into their own in a medium that then became more than just film—and at the same time less. Kerr emphasizes that film, until the big changeover, was silent by choice. The mechanical know-how to synchronize image and sound was available, or could have been developed for practical application, much earlier; but the industry and the public were simply not interested, preferring their black-and-white pure or, at most, accompanied by scores tailor-made for Hammonds and Wurlitzers.

THIS CHOICE, the result of a prevailing aura of taste, provided ideal conditions for the growth of comic talent. Why sound took over exactly when it did, if for any reason more complex than a desire for novelty, is a matter that Kerr does not choose to discuss; he opts instead to devote his space to a detailed study of an enormous body of work, principally that of Chaplin, Lloyd, and Keaton. Each of their major films gets at least half a chapter, and many of the two-reelers, too, are taken apart for signs of stylistic change—solidification or decline. Kerr is very deft at quickly limning scenarios and spotlighting their characteristic bits of business.

The core of *The Silent Clowns* lies not so much in what Kerr describes as in the levels of significance he reads into the characters that Chaplin, Lloyd, and Keaton portrayed. Chaplin, according to Kerr, is the tramp, not as a victim of society, but as a figure reflecting the world's instability. The tramp who moves balletically through life can become anything that the human gift for illusion, both creating and receiving, will allow. Kerr is at his best here when he analyzes *City Lights* and *Modern Times* (silent films made in the sound era); he not only probes the heart of these particular achievements but brilliantly comes to terms with Chaplin's quintessential genius.

Lloyd represents for Kerr the "myth of the good American," as he calls it; and since he does not, understandably, find as many levels of intent in Lloyd as in Chaplin, he contents himself with what amounts to a tribute to the perseverance and integrity of the bespectacled inventor of "thrill comedy."

With Keaton, Kerr perhaps waxes a shade too philosophical, so that the great stoneface, who always said he only tried to do what he thought was funny, emerges as some sort of proto-Sartrean. Nevertheless, full justice is done the compositional beauty of Keaton's epics, *The Navigator* and *The General*.

SOME statements Kerr casually drops need amplification. He says the decline in film attendance in the late 1940s and early 1950s was due not to the advent of television but to producers' putting too much gimmickry into pictures. An interesting notion, but it's left at that, as is an assertion that "Vilma Banky could not speak English, Norma Talmadge spoke it with a Brooklyn accent," and therefore neither made the leap into talking pictures. Perhaps: but then why hire Greta Garbo and Barbara Stanwyck? Small points, but the sort that weakens one's faith in a writer's more important arguments. An editor should have queried them. And was Keaton's hat really a "porkpie"? Not according to my dictionary. Never mind, *The Silent Clowns* is an elegant, handsomely illustrated volume, and a persuasive, mostly well-reasoned study by an important critic—once of "the theater," but now of cinema as well. □

The Children of the Counterculture
By John Rothchild and Susan Berns Wolf
Doubleday, 207 pp., $7.95

DOING IT WITHOUT JERRY

JOHN KILEY

This is a story by and about two people who can't handle their two little kids. They are bigger and smarter (he a former managing editor of the *Yale Daily News*; she a Bennington girl), and they have all the money. But the kids have all the power, and use it constantly to rip off the adults. Are we heading for another domestic tragedy? Not quite. These two lucky kids, by the grace of God and a contract from Doubleday, get run through the *ex Spock facto* communes from Miami to California and back and presto! no more problems. It's all here for the kids to read 15 years from now and demand equal time from the publisher.

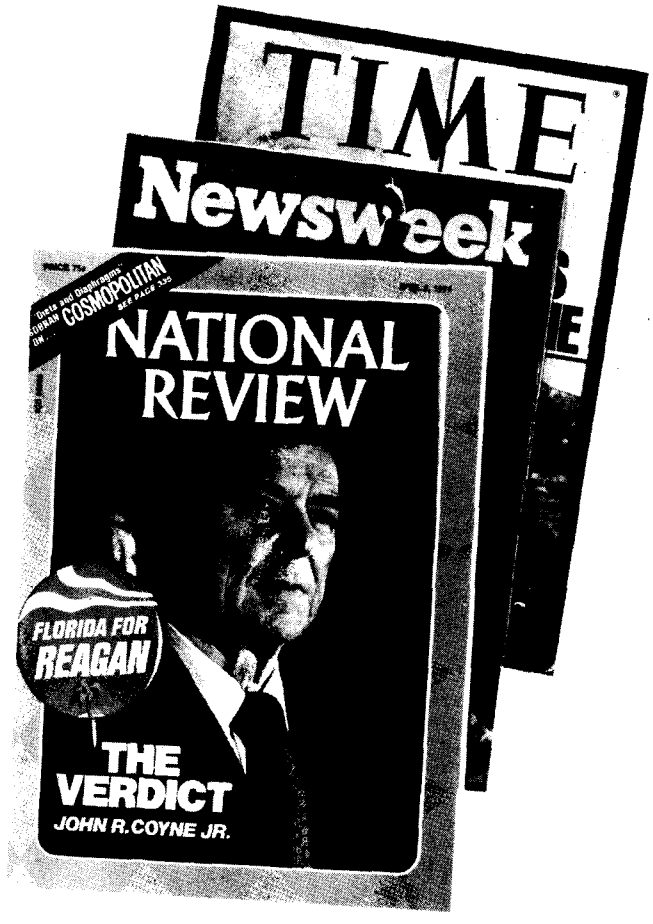
The authors have this fear, see, you discipline a kid, he hates you forever or longer like Captain Ahab the white whale and vice versa. Commune parents, they discover, have no such fear about tomorrow: "the only important question was whether the little girl was being a bitch right now, or the little boy a brat right now." It was a marvelously sudden coming-to-wisdom for the authors: no two-semester seminar with term papers on Bettelheim. Just Melanie, the commune parent, taking command of Bernsie, the authors' having-a-fit city kid. " 'We don't cop to that behavior,' [she said] and took Berns back to the car, ushered her inside, and told her, 'Don't come out till you shape up.' Nobody had ever done that to Berns. We were stunned. It was one thing for this woman to comment on Susan's permissiveness, but now she had taken control of the children and was using our car as a prison. At best, it was a totally impetuous intrusion on our parental rights, and, at worst, it was an emotional kidnapping. But Melanie was so sure of herself that for some reason we went along with it."

See the problem? Well, say Rothchild & Wolf, ingenue-parents and students of the counterculture, we all have it—that's the non-commune-America We—and we—that's R & W—licked it just like it tells in our book. So did they

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You won't find these articles in TIME or NEWSWEEK

- **James Jackson Kilpatrick** reporting direct from **both** the Democratic and Republican conventions.
- **How to Destroy a Suburb,** Francis Russell's gripping story of a break-up of a middle-class neighborhood.
- **Three Views of The American Revolution** by noted Historian Thomas Wendel (part of our big Special July 4 issue!)
- **Canada's Forced Busing** by John Muggeridge *(Malcolm's son)*
- **The Twilight of Detente** by Gen. Daniel O. Graham
- **The Severed Stem of American Catholicism:** How the new liturgy has driven them out of the Church in droves.
- **How to Survive a Nuclear War** by Nobel Prize Winner Eugene P. Wigner



But you *will* find them in coming issues of *National Review* (and *only* in *National Review*). Articles like these are important to you for this good reason —*they keep you in touch with the "other" point of view* and that's come to be a necessity for the truly informed person in these days of "homogenized" news reporting.

What's more, you'll find that keeping up with the news the NR way helps you to better evaluate what you *do* read in the "news magazines" (or see on TV). NR gives your own opinions the critical balance that can make your views and conversations more interesting—because it's one magazine that really *does* give you the view from the other side. And backs it up.

But the benefits of getting *National Review* regularly don't stop with this special coverage of current events. There is an abundance of other features to expand your horizons and delight your sense of humor. The book section with its discerning reviews of really important books is a treasure in itself. Movies and plays get the same unusual treatment. There are also articles on the latest in travel, food and wine, music, and so on. To say nothing of the inimitable cartoons of Gauerke, Mal and others. In short, the regular readers of *National Review* keep up with the arts and manners of our times – but from a refreshingly different point of view.

All of which makes NR one of the best buys around. And all *you* have to do to start enjoying this genuinely interesting magazine regularly is to fill out the postpaid card (opposite) and mail it back to us. It entitles you to ten big issues (20 weeks) of *National Review* at the special low rate (for new subscribers only) of just $6.95. A bargain price indeed for some of the best journalism in America. Send in the handy card today. It's the first step in the *right* direction.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chuck America and join a commune? Like are you crazy or something? "Can you accept what the Farm did to [sic] Chauncey and Bernsie, and yet not accept the Farm? I suppose it is a little like seeing the miracle and then turning down the religion, but we wanted to get back to our egos, our judgments, and our agonies. When we got through the gate, Susan and I both let out a simultaneous shriek that had been hiding out in us for four long days."

They also wanted to get back to defecating in private instead of in twos, eating something other than soybeans, and drinking something other than homogenized milk at the Farm, the "communards' commune" that is talked about "from the Ozarks to California."

Why is it talked about? Because "six hundred adults and two hundred children . . . have spent more than five years at the Farm without killing each other." They can't do that in Lebanon. Or in Ulster. Or, for that matter, in New York City, without benefit of cops. You see, hippies have like this special problem: "they have no self-control." And pride themselves on it. So when they get some control into their lives, as they obviously did on the Farm, it's like big news. And cause for rejoicing. *Gaudeamus, igitur.*

So two cheers for eight hundred people who have lived in close community without murder!

But let's not damn the Farm with paint phrases on its barnsides: it is into strikingly positive things like caring and sharing, working and keeping promises, with impressive commitment and continuity. It hasn't dropped out of America, as our authors claim in order to sell their book, and as Stephen Gaskin, the Farm's founder, claims in order to steady his followers. America, in existential terms, may be defined as that place where such statements do not call forth official reprisal. America, in fact, helps Gaskin keep his ideological cool.

The book, though naïve and sophomoric in many ways, is readable and not without its usefulness. The young authors show signs of discovering something that every carpenter and chorus girl, every parent and professor, sooner or later must discover, viz., that human happiness, not to say survival, finally comes down to reading reality accurately. Acid can blow your mind, some hippies found out the hard way. Some others made it to the Farm, but "they won't allow their children to come on like Jerry." Poor Jerry: ploughed under at thirty-seven. □

THE RIGHT BOOKS

M. STANTON EVANS

Humphrey Hawkins is not, as you might suppose, that amusing clod on *Hee Haw*, or the star defensive tackle of the Rams, but the short-hand title of an appalling bill before the Congress, sponsored by Senator Hubert Humphrey and Representative Augustus Hawkins (D., Calif.).

By most available indices, Humphrey Hawkins will loom exceeding large in this election year. It is a proposal for national economic planning, dressed up in fancy verbiage about "full employment and balanced growth." In addition to setting alleged guidelines for reducing unemployment, it creates a cumbersome machinery of federal planning vesting indefinite, potentially sweeping powers in the White House. It has been endorsed, it seems, by every Democratic candidate for President.

For those who thought the Big Rock Candy Mountain approach to government was behind us, the vogue of Humphrey Hawkins is perplexing. The arguments against it are back there on the shelf somewhere, recollected dimly if at all. We are therefore fortunate that a couple of conservative think-tanks have been doing their homework, and have supplied us with some timely data on the fallacies of planning. Especially valuable in this respect is *The Politics of Planning* (Institute for Contemporary Studies, $4.95), geared to an earlier incarnation of the Humphrey Hawkins blueprint for utopia.

Contributors such as George Hilton, Herbert Stein, Ernest van den Haag, Paul Weaver, James Buchanan, and Gordon Tullock dissect the theory, practice, and psychology of planning with telling clarity. One section examines the economic and social effects of planning in other lands—Great Britain, France, the Soviet Union. (The last-named chapter is particularly useful for the contrast it documents between the planned economy of the USSR and the "unplanned" one of the United States.)

Then there is a devastating section on such planning as we do have in this country—Hilton on transit, Richard Muth on housing, Richard Mancke on energy, Murray Weidenbaum on business. This segment alone is worth the price of admission—a *vade mecum* of economic miseries created by the existing level of federal intervention. What it proves is that the afflictions complained of as reasons for further planning are themselves the products of planning already on the books.

Finally, our authors attack the conceptual problem that underlies the practical failure: the impossibility of computing, from a single power center, all the variables that go into the production and distribution of goods and services in a modern industrial economy. It is this shortcoming, as von Mises and Hayek long ago informed us, that has plagued the fully programed economies of Europe and disrupts the partially programed segments of our own—a point that is also made, with dramatic effect, in a massive study from the Law and Economics Center at the University of Miami.

EDITED BY Kenneth W. Clarkson and introduced by Henry Manne, this volume bears a somewhat forbidding title (*Catalogue of Research Issues for Understanding Economic Planning*), and an even more forbidding price ($36). It reviews nine areas of government function and 138 areas of private activity, listing the major questions about economic interrelationships that must be considered before the notion of central planning can be intelligibly entertained. The point is that simply *enumerating the questions* requires more than 1,500 pages, and certain of these questions would in turn require hundreds of pages for answers, all this to be performed on a continuing basis for any "plan" to work. The sort of thing no bureaucrat can hope to do, but routinely accomplished by the market pricing system, every hour on the hour. □

M. Stanton Evans is a columnist for the L.A. Times *Syndicate, a radio commentator on CBS'* Spectrum, *and Chairman of the American Conservative Union.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Civility and Disobedience
By Burton Zwiebach
Cambridge, 241 pp., $10.95

UNRESOLVED ANTINOMIES

ROLAND STROMBERG

"On first glance it appears that nothing both new and interesting can be said about violence," Mr. Zwiebach concedes; and his second glance confirms the first. Nevertheless, he proceeds to write about it, remarking that he might as well instruct the totally ignorant.

This question of audience arises throughout the whole book. The debate about political obligation was centuries old and about to die of exhaustion when our recent crop of young radicals, affluent and Ivy League-educated, first discovered laws they were delighted to flout; then, obtaining university posts, they found they had to write a book about *something*. We have had a number of such books in the last several years. Alas, the poignancy of recent experiences might perhaps contribute something to the phenomenology of a perennially fascinating issue, but it is not likely that much that is theoretically new can be said. The aridly analytical tone of this book will put off the totally ignorant and possibly many others; while its content will add little to the understanding of anyone who has at all kept up with the debate. Certainly it will not appeal to the rabidly radical, who will prefer to stick to their usual diet of inspiring tributes to Che Guevara and philippics against the military-industrial complex; for Zwiebach's is a mild, reasoned book that only occasionally decays into rhetoric.

As I have suggested, one is tempted to conclude that *Civility and Disobedience* joins a long list of books written for no compelling reason except the exigencies of academic politics. Is Professor Zwiebach, in commending disobedience to us, bending all too compliantly to the laws of promotion and tenure, and also to the *Zeitgeist* of the intellectuals? For of course he defends disobedience. Wearying of this fashionable chorus, one begins to yearn for another Hobbes, who will tell us bluntly that man is wolf to the man, and that therefore it is in everyone's interest to obey the law on pain of the precipitate shortening and brutalizing of life. The recent defenders of law-defiance usually assume, it seems to me, that the defiers are virtuous idealists protesting such manifest moral monstrosities as national defense, the CIA, Republicans, etc.

But have not the anti-busing mobs stolen a leaf from those who burned the flag and fled the army? It is not a new story. Mussolini and Hitler showed that those who live by the sword of revolution may die by the machine guns of counterrevolution. It is generally recognized that if *everyone* defied the law organized society would collapse, and we would all be in the soup—CUNY professors along with Wall Street bankers. But history tells us that before total anarchy ensues, tyrants will arise to restore order by brutal methods. No pleasant judicial proceedings or amiable toleration of sign-waving disrupters then. To anyone who pooh-poohs this as an idle threat, one might point to events in Chile, India, Portugal, Lebanon, and points south, which events are only the more recent examples.

AND YET, practically everybody has always agreed that under some circumstances we are justified in defying the state—or even obliged to do so. Political viability demands that such occasions be rare and carefully considered, especially in a free and democratic society. Which, to be sure, raises all kinds of dialectical possibilities for those who like to deny that our society is anything of the sort. Mr. Zwiebach regards us as oppressed and enslaved, though he is short on examples of our oppression. Surely the evidence entitles us to conclude the opposite: that the present danger is an anarchy—moral, educational, intellectual, aesthetic—that threatens dissolution, from massive anomie, of the personality as well as the society. If one reads the circumstances this way, one will draw nearer to Hobbes—who was reacting against an era of revolutionary disorders—and stress the claims of authority.

In the end, pure reason can provide no solution to the problem; it is one of the eternally unresolved human antinomies, with which we have to live as best we can. It is most comfortably confronted in stable eras when the underlying consensus is strong, when people are "so fundamentally at one that they can safely afford to bicker"—i.e., to dissent. Clearly, this is not the condition of our present era.

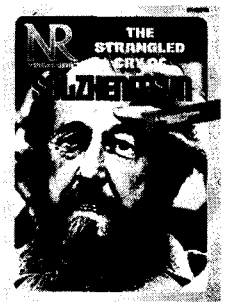
In his struggles to illuminate his subject, Zwiebach makes much play with

Get Your Copy of SOLZHENITSYN'S Dramatic Speech!

Any anti-Communist American would stand up and cheer (*this* audience *did!*) at Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's speech to the AFL-CIO in New York. This is an address that hits home with a bang. When you see what Solzhenitsyn says here you will wonder how *any* of our leaders can push *détente* and trade with the Soviets as solutions to the threat of Communism.

This is a call to arms in defense of freedom (and make no mistake, he means *our* freedom!), a call so powerful it can't help but spark a response in your very heart. As Bernard Levin of the London *Times* says (of Solzhenitsyn), "... by his courage he demonstrates that there is no weight in the universe great enough to crush ... the human longing for freedom; by his faith he moves mountains and shames a faithless world."

Now, because of the intense interest in Solzhenitsyn generated by his recent appearances, we are making this vitally-important speech, ("The Strangled Cry of Solzhenitsyn",) available in reprint form for just 50¢ per copy (we pay postage and handling). You'll probably never have a better chance than this to make sure you and all the people you know (friends, relatives, students, etc.) become fully aware of the astounding message this latter-day prophet brings us. Use the coupon below to order your copies now.



NATIONAL REVIEW (Dept. S)
150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

Yes, please send me ____ copies of "The Strangled Cry of Solzhenitsyn," for which I enclose $____. (Please enclose payment of 50¢ per copy. Thank you.)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"civility," arguing, somewhat as Rousseau did, that the community can claim validity for its rules only if these involve the active participation of every citizen, each of whom enjoys full liberty and equality, and so on. He does not take seriously those theorists who claim that "participation" is not very practical if only because most people do not want to take part in politics. Relapsing into rhetoric, Zwiebach argues that everybody would be an active, creative citizen if he were not "manipulated" by "vested interests." This is shoddy stuff, taking refuge as it does in a fuzzy concept of a utopia to be achieved by exorcising a few bogeymen. There are other places where the argument seems merely tautological: a law may be disobeyed when there is no "adequate reason" for our accepting it. Who would disagree with the principle? But how many could agree on what is an "adequate reason"? Zwiebach mutters about "aggressive wars"—as if men have ever been able to agree as to which wars are "aggressive" and which are legitimate wars of self-defense.

In brief, although *Civility and Disobedience* is a literate discussion of a significant issue, few readers will find it very helpful. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

BLENHEIM, *by David Green (Scribner's, 162 pp., illus., $10).* It is not the least of the ironies connected with the first Duke of Marlborough that probably more people today are aware of his Blenheim Palace than of the great military victory it was named after. And yet the Battle of Blenheim, if not quite as important as claimed in Winston Churchill's biography of his illustrious ancestor ("The destruction of the Armada preserved the life of Britain," he trumpeted. "Blenheim opened to her the gateways of the modern world"), was definitely the first real body blow to Louis XIV's previously successful attempts to establish French hegemony over most of Europe. It also put Britain back on the map as a military power after a generation of comparative drift under devious Stuart monarchs and niggardly Parliaments unwilling to fund a strong professional army. David Green, who lives near Blenheim Palace and has written several widely acclaimed biographies set in the Marlborough era (*Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, Queen Anne*, etc.), tells not only the story of the battle itself, but that of the campaign and its aftermath. He even gives us a survey of the battlefield today, along with a short history of Blenheim Palace—as imposing a white elephant as ever a grateful nation erected to a military hero. Although hardly one of Mr. Green's major works, *Blenheim* is a clear, knowledgeable, and dramatic account of an important but currently rather neglected historical turning point, capturing the spirit and the color of early eighteenth century warfare.

ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

DON'T MAKE NO WAVES—DON'T BACK NO LOSERS, *An Insider's Analysis of the Daley Machine, by Milton L. Rakove (Indiana, 296 pp., $10).* The author, a Chicago political science professor, portrays machine-politics-with-a-human-face—in this case, the relatively pretty visage of Richard J. Daley, Chicago's mayor since 1955 and, more significantly, chairman of the Cook County Democratic Central Committee since 1953. The secret of Daley's political success, Rakove writes, is his skill "in the art of not making decisions." When a subordinate asks Daley's advice on an administrative matter, he is likely to get a noncommittal grunt in reply. Most mayors seem to have developed this technique, but in Chicago the city official who makes a wrong decision "may be looking for another job in the very near future." Or he may not. Rakove is more convincing with his theory that Daley—even in his exalted office—"is still a precinct captain" and never forgets that voters "can be influenced most by ministering carefully to their daily and personal needs." To some old party hands, a seat in Congress is a valid personal need. One Chicago politician, sent to the House for his maiden term when well over seventy, was asked by Speaker Rayburn why the machine had ever endorsed him. "Because it was my turn!" he replied. With Cook County's changing demographics, the old-line organization cannot indefinitely afford either waves or losers. But for anyone interested in starting a machine of his or her own, Rakove's insights into the ethos of ward-heeling and his romantic account of precinct-level organizing will be invaluable, and possibly even valuable.

WHIT STILLMAN

BERLINGUER AND THE PROFESSOR, *by Anonymous (Viking, 117 pp., $6.95).* The Professor is Amintore Fanfani, sachem of the Christian Democrats; Berlinguer is the leader of the Italian Communists; Anonymous assumes the fictional role of Fanfani's long-time secretary, writing the account of Italy's transition from the First to the Second Republic in the years 1977–80, with a brief mention of the succeeding Great Leap Forward and, in 1982, the triumphant Great Reconstruction. This is a surrealist fantasy Italian style, a verbal analogue of a de Chirico painting. In 1977 the rich families solve the kidnapping problem by importing Gurkhas, whose presence in a household becomes the prime status symbol. Two thousand young people, calling themselves Vigilantes, "sometimes supplied with chains and bars, sometimes with guitars," squat in the Quirinale Palace, the residence of the President, to protect him, they say, from right-wing commandos, and incidentally to prevent his leaving. The unions have set up toll-charging roadblocks across all the Tiber bridges to finance ongoing strikes. The College of Cardinals, after a 73-day deadlock, elects as pope a deaf German who can't understand Italian but insists on its being spoken. And so on. Henry Kissinger and the Pope join with Berlinguer and Fanfani to haul Italy through the shambles. The central point is left obscure. The satire slashes in many directions, but cuts most deeply into the Social Democrats. Berlinguer is made to give the indictment flatly: "You're too fatuous to tear yourself away from your posts. You're too cynical not to be available for anything. And too cowardly to face our anger." Berlinguer, in fact, is the only persona presented, in the end, as serious. . . . Perhaps *that* is the point.

JAMES BURNHAM

RONALD REAGAN'S CALL TO ACTION, *by Ronald Reagan and Charles D. Hobbs (Warner Books, 173 pp., paperback, $1.75).* This is obviously a campaign-year opus but, unlike most others, it is no sugar-coated autobiography meant to bamboozle the crowd into thinking that, despite his sterling accomplishments, the candidate is, with his wife and kids and dog, just plain folk like us. It is instead, strangely enough, a book on the *issues*: and if the setting down—during an election year, in black and white, and in one convenient volume—of actual *positions* isn't enough to have Ronald Reagan thrown out of the politician's guild, I don't know what is. The book promises Reagan's "official position on every major issue of the day," although it isn't quite as exhaustive as that. Abortion, for one thing, is not mentioned, but all in all an extraordinarily wide range of topics is covered intelligently. The format of the book is most unusual: not quite straight narrative and not quite question-and-answer, although it is based on a large number of interviews that Hobbs had with Reagan early last year. The tone is set by Reagan's conversational writing, tacked down by Hobbs's explanatory notes; while Hobbs pasted the whole thing together in a cohesive pattern, it is Reagan's portion of the text that rivets attention and carries the book along. Whether commenting on the need to limit permanently the cost of government by constitutional amendment ("We have to cut government off at the pockets") or on congressional interference with foreign policy ("It's like writing a symphony by committee"), Reagan is readable, quotable, and thought-provoking. He backs up his ideas with his usual staggering array of statistics and concrete examples.

DAVID A. PIETRUSZA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BROGAN

(Continued from page 727)

he joined the navy and achieved officer rank. His motive was not simple patriotism. He believed there was no future in politics for a young man who had not served in the Forces. This was a serious miscalculation, for Harold Wilson fought his war from a civilian bunker in Whitehall and went on to become Prime Minister three times. When he retired to the back benches, he was decorated with the Garter as a substitute for the Victoria Cross.

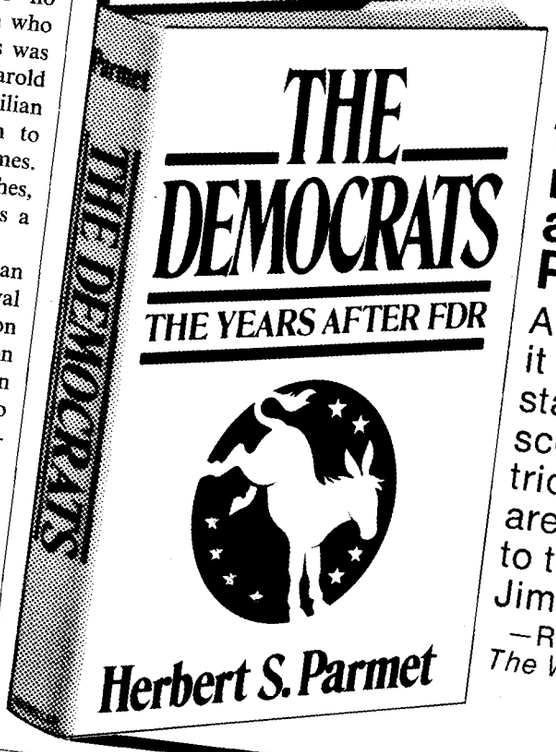
When the War ended, Callaghan entered Parliament. No doubt his naval uniform helped him with the selection committee. His pre-war job as union official for the Inland Revenue staff can hardly have been a recommendation to the Left. In Parliament, he took another job which was even less of a recommendation. He became political advisor to the Police Federation, which put him on the wrong side of the fence when allegations of police brutality and spying on subversive meetings were flying around.

He became a fellow of Nuffield College, Oxford, founded by the multimillionaire Lord Nuffield, much to his subsequent regret. Lord Nuffield called it "a little Kremlin," a judgment that was harsh, but not unduly so. There, Callaghan sat at the feet of the economists, taking notes like a humble undergraduate, but there is no reason to believe that his thinking was much improved. He once said privately that a Chancellor of the Exchequer should master the jargon of macroeconomics: it didn't mean a damned thing, but it sounded good.

With the Labor victory of 1964 he became Chancellor and speedily learned that macroeconomics meant something after all. Egged on by Wilson, he pledged himself irrevocably against devaluation. When he saw that devaluation was inevitable he appeared to lose his nerve and became very depressed. He resigned and was persuaded to take the Home Office, where he showed no sympathy for the critics of the police and is reputed to have been less than lukewarm in his feelings for the immigrant population. In these respects he responded more sensitively to the feelings of the mass of Labor voters than any of the more educated and formally more intelligent of the Labor leaders.

He showed this instinctive rapport more strikingly in his opposition to the

"Goes a long way to explain why the Democrats do not seem to want to nominate anyone for President.... After reading it one understands why scores of illustrious liberals are flocking to the camp of Jimmy Carter."
—Richard J. Walton, *The Washington Post*



$8.95
MACMILLAN

Which of these OUTSTANDING PERSONALITIES would you like to address your meeting?

- ☐ William A. Rusher
- ☐ Russell Kirk
- ☐ M. Stanton Evans
- ☐ Jeffrey Hart
- ☐ Ernest van den Haag
- ☐ D. Keith Mano
- ☐ Peter P. Witonski
- ☐ David Brudnoy
- ☐ J. Daniel Mahoney
- ☐ Cornelius J. Troost
- ☐ John Kiley
- ☐ F. Clifton White
- ☐ Robert K. Dornan
- ☐ Lev Navrozov

Organization

Meeting Date

No matter which you choose you can't go wrong. They're all splendid speakers and knowledgeable conservatives who will make any gathering come alive—business, social, political, student or civic. And they are all available through Catherine Babcock, Inc.

Just check the one you want, fill in the name of your organization and meeting date and mail this coupon back to us (or use your own stationery if you don't want to mutilate the magazine) and we'll take it from there.

WRITE TODAY TO:
Catherine Babcock, Inc.
544 Southside Rd., Virginia Beach, Va. 23451

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Warehouse graffiti

13-C or 18-G? Your employees can waste valuable time looking for poorly marked bins. Incorrectly filled orders can eat up profits. Easy-to-apply Brady storage markers end confusion... go on letter-perfect... help personnel locate stock quickly and surely.

18-G

As the nation's leading manufacturer of identification products, we make marking systems for virtually any application. Brady self-sticking letters and tough styrene panels provide high visibility. Our popular "Y" series vinyl-cloth letters are black on bright yellow... stand up to dirt, abrasion.

Insist on Brady markers... the mark of good organization.

the identification people

Write W. H. Brady Co., Dept. ID, 2223 W. Camden Rd., Milwaukee, WI 53201.

BRADY®

W. H. BRADY CO. • EST. 1914
IDENTIFICATION SYSTEMS DIVISION

MAINTENANCE & SAFETY SIGNS • PIPE MARKERS • STORAGE & BIN MARKERS • LABELS • TAPES • AISLE MARKERS • WARNING STRIPES • DISTRIBUTORS WORLDWIDE

plan put forward by Barbara Castle, with Wilson's support, to bring the trade unions completely within the law. As Prime Minister, he now talks of the duty of all cabinet ministers to accept collective decisions, but at that time he made his opposition to government policy perfectly clear and the proposals were withdrawn. It was a shattering defeat for the government of which he was a member, but it won him the friendship of the industrial trade unions and paved the way for his present advancement.

His other notable initiative was in Northern Ireland. This won him a good deal of undeserved respect, for he achieved nothing and showed that his instinct for mass feeling totally failed him in that curious community. Perhaps the Baptist son of an apostate Catholic was the least equipped of all men to understand people who can forgive one of their own for lapsing from his faith but never for joining the other side.

He was brought up sharply against reality in a conversation with Ian Paisley. "Surely," he said, "we can all live together in peace. After all, we are all children of God." The reverend doctor promptly replied, "You are wrong, Mr. Callaghan. We are not children of God. We are children of wrath." Callaghan passed away like a shadow on the grass and the children of wrath are still proving their parentage by bomb and bullet.

He was disastrous as Chancellor of the Exchequer, nothing particular as Home Secretary, and again nothing particular as Foreign Secretary. In fairness it must be said that there is little a British Foreign Secretary can do in these hard times. With most of the Labor Party fatuously set on detente, disarmament, and a stern policy toward Rhodesia, South Africa, and Chile, there is no stomach for a conflict with anything bigger than Anguilla, which has one piece of artillery, last fired when Napoleon was Emperor. Even Iceland, a few notches above Anguilla, proved too powerful.

As Prime Minister, he has been upstaged completely by Denis Healey, Chancellor of the Exchequer. With his huge beetle eyebrows and big jaw, he looks as if he might be something, if only a disaster; but Callaghan's bland face looks like a plate of semolina. Not another Churchill.

He has also been upstaged by the long-running row over the Liberal leader Jeremy Thorpe. Accusations of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

past homosexuality and evidence of payoffs, plus a number of plain lies by a number of people, have provided the public with a good deal of not quite harmless pleasure. Thorpe has resigned but the gossip, accusations, and counteraccusations linger on.

The other limelight-stealer has been Sir Harold Wilson. He started his career as Prime Minister by courting the press with unparalleled assiduity, and it paid off. The sympathetic treatment he got even in Conservative newspapers was a handsome return for all the drinks he poured, but there came a time when any journalist who would be willing to write favorably of him had to be so drunk that he couldn't write at all. When the journalists changed their tune, so did Wilson. Of his numerous weaknesses, suspicion is perhaps the greatest. He saw a malign conspiracy against him by the media men and for a time refused to speak to the BBC at all. Not only were the media against him but there was a sinister force working to discredit him personally. In fact, there were a number of burglaries in premises where Wilson papers were stored. Who the burglars were and what they hoped to find is by no means clear, but obviously they were people who wished Wilson far from well.

When Jeremy Thorpe's trouble began, Wilson's paranoia reasserted itself strongly. He asserted that the evil influences were South African, although not necessarily the South African government, and that they were out to destroy prominent British politicians. If it was not the government, then it was the multinationals, which was quite all right with the Left, which hates both equally. Callaghan confirmed Wilson's charges, speaking with the authority of the new man in possession of all intelligence secrets, but neither gave any hard evidence. However, a good many people got the ambition to rival Bernstein and Woodward. One MP relied heavily on a Lebanese Druse who had documentary evidence implicating the Anglo-American Corporation. Unfortunately, he was in Barcelona, which made the documents not readily available. Still more unfortunately, it transpired that the gentleman had long been waging a private war against the Corporation and had hijacked an airplane in the course of hostilities. With the worst will in the world it was not possible to regard him as a reliable witness.

Then there was Lieutenant Colonel Cheeseman of United States intelligence, who had an interview on BBC television. He was, in fact, an ex-sergeant living on the dole who admitted afterward that his story was moonshine. Even better was Mr. André Thom, a twenty-year-old homosexual who told the *Manchester Guardian* that he was negotiating with the South African embassy for the sale of a pornographic film involving a prominent politician. He went with a *Guardian* reporter to the embassy, bringing the film with him, or so he said. There was no projector at the embassy, which was lucky for young Mr. Thom, for the film he was carrying was a commercial for chocolates. He had quite a string of criminal convictions and admitted in a popular newspaper that his story was a tissue of lies. The media men who had been urged by Harold Wilson to conduct close investigations found themselves with egg on their faces and asked him to give them some facts to go on, but he preserved a majestic silence.

The public has been entertained by what looked like a Watergate conducted by the Marx Brothers. What chance has Callaghan to catch the eye in the middle of all this hilarity? What chance has Callaghan, lumbering round the country humbly thanking various trade unions for running his government for him? He is like someone reciting "The Wreck of the *Hesperus*" to people who are listening to the Rolling Stones at full blast. □

If You Love Words,

you'll love **VERBATIM**, The Language Quarterly dealing with all aspects of language. Send $4.00 (U.S.) or $4.50 (elsewhere) for a one-year subscription, starting with the current issue. Money back if not pleased. (Allow 6 weeks.)

VERBATIM POST OFFICE BOX 157N ESSEX, CONN. 06426 USA

College degrees by mail

It is honestly possible to earn a legitimate, accredited bachelors, masters, or doctorate from well-known universities without taking any traditional courses whatsoever, often at surprisingly low cost. Free details from Dr. John Bear, 168 Highway One, Littleriver, California 95456.

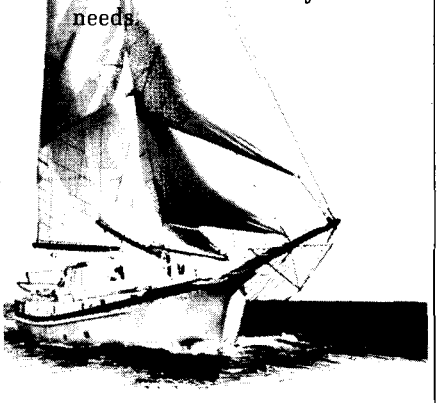
Cyrano
Summer Cruising

If you've never before chartered a boat, we'll undertake to make that an exciting new experience. Just tell us *when*, *how many* and what you like to do. We'll do the rest. We'll help you pick the trip best suited to your time and tastes... and then we'll do our utmost to ensure you have a most enjoyable and interesting trip.

Here are some ideas to consider:

- **Cruising in the Bahamas**
- **Gunk-holing down the Florida Keys**
- **Fishing off Bimini**
- **Exploring the Dry Tortugas**
- **Gambling and shopping in Freeport**

Cyrano is the ideal charter boat for a large family, two couples with a few children or three congenial couples. Everyone will enjoy the spacious air-conditioned saloon with piano, bar and stereophonic music. A seasoned captain will ensure your safety and pleasure; a gourmet cook will prepare your favorite dishes and a solicitous steward will take care of your other needs.



Write or call today to find out more about the fun you can have when you charter CYRANO.

Mrs. Rose Flynn
Caribbean Enterprises Inc.
150 East 35th Street
New York, N.Y. 10016
Telephone: 212-679-7330

☐ Send your free catalog.

NAME (PLEASE PRINT)

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE ZIP

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Classified Advertisements

Employment Opportunities

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY for busy publisher New York area. Will pay appropriately for real competence at typing (Dictaphone), filing, handling callers, etc. Submit resume and references. Write NR Box 2045.

YOUR RESUME. Write it yourself. Instructions, samples, forms: $3.00. Resume Company, Dept. R, 359 Jersey Ave., Fairview, N.J. 07022.

JOB TESTING. Send $5.00 for confidential, self-scoring profile. Business Psychology, 2407/15 Pacific, Virginia Beach, Va. 23451.

Situations Wanted

SKILLED PROOFREADER desires position New England or northern New York. Female, 32, bright, literate, dependable. Six years National Academy Sciences. Salary negotiable. Write NR Box 2048.

GOVERNESS POSITION, mature, enthusiastic, experienced English teacher. Any location. Will travel. Write: 525 Deer Run, Miami Springs, Fla.

HAVE YOUR CAMPAIGN per with P.E.R. Political Electoral Research. For further information call Mark Goret, (212) 723-2672.

Literary

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK. Join our successful authors: publicity, advertising, promotion, beautiful books. All subjects invited. Send for free manuscript report and detailed booklet. Carlton Press, Dept. NRG, 84 Fifth Avenue, New York 10011.

SCIENCE FICTION HANDBOOK, REVISED by L. Sprague & Catherine de Camp; of this, Paul Anderson says, "This may well be the best how-to book ever published for writers of any kind." $8.50 at bookstores or postpaid from Owlswick Press, Box 8243, Philadelphia, Pa. 19101.

BOOK PUBLISHING—manuscripts and inquiries invited. AUTHORS' GUIDE TO PUBLICATION free upon request. Dorrance & Company, Dept. BP, 35 Cricket Terrace, Ardmore, Pa. 19003.

BOOKS LOCATED: Hard-to-find and out-of-print. Free quotes. CELTIC CROSS BOOKS, Box 109-N, Westminster, Vt. 05158.

BOOK SEARCHING. All subjects. Lists mailed. REGENT HOUSE, 108 N. Roselake, Los Angeles, Calif. 90026.

NOTE: Responses to box numbers will be forwarded. Address: Classified Department, National Review, 150 East 35th Street, New York, New York 10016

National Review Accepts . . .

classified advertisements for personal services, items wanted or for sale, jobs sought or available, houses or apartments for sale or rent, and miscellaneous subjects of a comparable nature. National Review does not accept political advertisements of any kind, or advertisements which are solicitations for funds. National Review reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable for whatever reason. Rates per insertion: 65¢ per word, minimum 10 words, plus $1.50 for box number. Text accompanied by full payment must be received 25 days before publication date.

OUT OF PRINT SEARCH SERVICE: Write us for that favorite title or needed source. BOOKLORE, 89 Lake Drive East, Wayne, N.J. 07470.

Vacation

WASHINGTON, D.C. TOWNHOUSE, $200/week. Chet Opal, 1304 Massachusetts S.E., 20003.

CHARTER THE 47-FOOT SAILING YACHT "Remnant." Cruises from South Florida to Bahamas, Keys or Caribbean. For details, write Treasure Coast Charters, P.O. Box 1652, Vero Beach, Fla. 32960.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET Beresford Hotel, 635 Sutter Street, 94102; Charming, Convenient, Comfortable.

Real Estate

LAND FOR THE KNOWLEDGEABLE (Investor) Cleared and wooded 33 acres in Sharon, long road frontage, brook and barn, $100,000. 20 acres high on one of Kent's lovely hills, pond, $4000 per acre or owner will divide. Marcia L. Burnham & Assoc., Kent, Conn. (203) 927-3177, 927-3875.

Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

WOMAN, early fifties, tall slim New Jerseyite, with varied interests, including music, theater, seeks masculine companionship for Saturday or Sundays, or what the Hell any other day! Sense of humor absolute necessity. Write NR Box 2049.

CONSERVATIVE CAUCASIAN MALE 45, sincere, highly intelligent (I.Q. 150), good looking, unencumbered, emotionally secure, desires the companionship of a cultured lady with similiar characteristics. Goal—a joint quest for tranquility, beauty, grace, and charm in a world gone mad. Santa Barbara/LA area. Write NR Box 2051.

WHAT ARE YOUR VALUES? Sixty illustrated cards identify specific VALUES and challenge you to analyze yourself. $2.49; VALUE Publishing Company, 10300 U.S. 19N., Dept. R, Pinellas Park, Fla. 33565.

MALE, college-educated, considered handsome, 27, 5'6" wishes to meet conservative female. Metro New Jersey/New York. Write NR Box 2040.

Miscellaneous

ANY BOATOWNER—Must see tall ships entering harbor July 4th, will polish brass in payment. Write: John D. Everett, 622 East Second Avenue, Roselle, N. J. 07203.

IRELAND: Catholic tour, August 14-29. Sightseeing plus daily Mass. Contact: H.P.R. Tours, 86 Riverside Drive, New York, N.Y. (212) 799-2600.

SUPER 8, 16MM, AND 8 MM Full-length features and shorts, sound and silent, color and black/white film classics. Bogart, Popeye, Barrymore, Garbo, Chaplin, Bugs Bunny, Mansfield, Our Gang, Etc., Etc. Free Catalog, NILES FILMS, Box 1576-NR, South Bend, Ind. 46634.

GOLD STOCKS: WHAT ARE THEY WORTH? International Investor's Viewpoint is a new investment service which presents, on a continually updated basis, the internal rate of return and present value figures on the South African gold mines. We believe this is the best method to determine which mine to own or buy. If you own gold shares, this service is an unequivocal must. IIV also presents sophisticated commentary on international investment opportunities. SAMPLE COPY $10.00. Four-Issue Trial $37.50. One Year, Thirteen Issues Plus Binder $100.00. 600 Oregon National Building, Portland, Ore. 97205.

PROFESSIONAL INVESTIGATORS-BODYGUARDS, Licensed 1957. In the New York City area call John J. O'Sullivan (212) 237-1010 and in Southern Calif. call Frank McEneany (714) 541-3351. "Our many years of experience is your guarantee of service."

FREE! AMERICA'S LARGEST CLASSICAL CATALOG. Over 2,000 New Stereo Recordings, Renaissance, Medieval, Baroque, Classical, Romantic, Modern Music. Highest quality! Budget Label prices! Available only by mail. MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY, Box 932NW, New York, N.Y. 10023.

LONELY? Make new friends. Write NR2 Pen Pals, Box 415, Kansas City, Mo. 64141.

BALDING? Mr. Rogers, 75, growing hair, wrote Miami News, his physician attested, others grown, ask proof, Kit $20.00. International Laboratories, P. O. Box 41-4176, Miami Beach, Fla. 33141.

MEET YOUR IDEAL MATE—Scientific Computerized Matching, Nationwide, All Ages, Inexpensive. FREE Questionnaire, TEAM, 1270 Broadway, NYC 10001.

NATIONAL REVIEW, WFB & ST. THOMAS TEE/SHIRTS & SWEAT/SHIRTS. Two sizes fit all: Large and Too Large. Tees $6 and Sweats $8 postpaid. Decatur Shop, Ltd., North Adams, Mich. 49262 USA.

For Sale

CONSTRUCTION Machinery, Conveyors, Industrial, Mining, Concrete and Asphalt Equipment. A full service supplier for equipment, planning, and design. Linder Industrial Machinery Company, 4717 S. Florida Avenue, P.O. Box 5330, Lakeland, Fla. 33803. Phone: (813) 646-5711.

BURTON HARPSICHORDS AND SPINETS. Professional instruments in kit form, $195-$900. Patented Burton Jacks. For brochure, write Burton Harpsichords, 727 "R" Street, P.O. Box 80222NR, Lincoln, Neb. 68501.

Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

SYDNEY HARRIS:

No Tipping Rule.

If the nation's airlines—through good times and bad—can pay their employes enough so that a "no-tipping" rule is strictly enforced, why can't other and more consistently affluent service industries manage to do the same?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

(Continued from page 713)

It is difficult to "show a British *bwana* his place," as dictators such as Philip of Spain, Napoleon, and Hitler could attest. England has relinquished its Empire but it sure as hell hasn't been by force of arms. For all their differences with Britain, Rhodesians remain Anglo-Saxon, and Anglo-Saxons have never been ones to allow the apparent hopelessness of their position to deter them.

During the past ten years Rhodesia has prospered and grown stronger by the day, in spite of world censures and sanctions. Their black neighbors face bankruptcy and starvation, in spite of massive financial and material support from both the Soviets and the West.

The only way to solve the situation in Rhodesia is to come up with some responsible black group with which there can be meaningful negotiation. So long as there are from three to eight groups, each demanding at the point of a gun that the country be turned over to it, all the whites can do is preserve the status quo.

Loyalton, Calif. E. T. LOGAN

Human Rights, Moscow-Style

Regarding WFB's column on Leonard Garment's efforts on the Human Rights Commission [April 16], and the fact that the Soviet resolution is now official, it seems to me that the next American representative to the Commission should immediately jump up, congratulate the Soviets on their respect for the right to life, and point out:

1. Since the Soviet Union has more personnel in uniform than either the United States or China, it threatens the right to life more than those two powers.

2. Since the Soviet Union is building more types of weapons faster than anyone else, it is the supreme threat to the right to life and should, in recognition of its duty to uphold its moral standing, disarm unilaterally to the status of its peers, the United States and China. It does not, after all, wish to garner the opprobrium of civilized mankind, now does it?

3. The Soviet Union is thus the supreme threat to both the right to life and life itself, and it should take immediate steps to remedy this situation.

And the American representative should repeat this little speech about ten times a session, so that no one—especially the Soviet representative—can say he missed it.

Chicago, Ill. RICHARD MUSGRAVE

Ecône—Addenda

Certain additions (and corrections) to my excellent friend Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn's report on Ecône [May 28] are in order.

Last summer I had the honor of lecturing at the Seminary, talking with students, professors, and administrators. I found a serene atmosphere, unshakable orthodoxy, a deferential attitude toward the Pope, a growing number of new candidates for registration—and an excellent cuisine, always a sign of a healthy mental equilibrium. Monsignor Lefebvre has declared no war on the Vatican. In fact, the opposite is true: Paul VI did write two letters to the Monsignor, without specifying any charges (a Kafkaesque situation), but refuses to receive him; Kuehnelt-Leddihn does not mention that last summer, in Rome, Monsignor Lefebvre submitted to interrogation by a committee of three cardinals (Garonne, Wright, Tabera), during which he was treated as no bishop ought ever to be treated. When he asked for a (previously promised) recording of the session, he was denied one.

It must be further specified that Monsignor Lefebvre does not "criticize" post-Vatican II modernism any more or less than many other Catholics pained by the ideological excesses tolerated/approved/imposed by Paul VI. Also that the French bishops, mostly grotesque imitation-prelates, see their own seminaries deserted, and wish to have the strikingly successful Ecône abolished.

The interested reader may turn to Monsignor Lefebvre's book, *Un Evêque Parle* (texts from 1963 to 1975), edited by Dominique Martin Morin, Jarzé, France. The book is available in Italian and German also.

New York, N.Y. THOMAS MOLNAR

READER'S SERVICE

HOW WELL WE SERVE YOU depends largely on whether you include your address label when you write us about your subscription. Please attach it to all correspondence. When moving, please give us 5 weeks notice, and paste your old address label here. Print new address below, including your ZIP code.

You may use this form to subscribe, renew, change your address—or for any other correspondence you may have with us. If you attach your mailing label at right, you will have helped us be both speedy and accurate.

REMEMBER

that Magazine and BULLETIN are on separate lists! If you are a subscriber to both, you must tell us to change both lists.

Address all inquiries or subscriptions to: National Review, Readers' Service, 150 E. 35th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10016

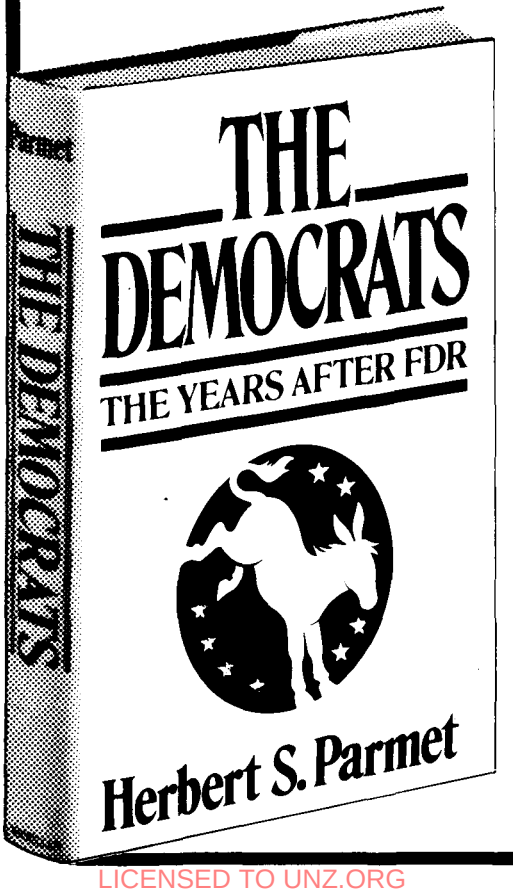
NAME _____
(Please print)

ADDRESS _____
(New address—if moving)

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

☐ PLEASE CHANGE MY BULLETIN ADDRESS ALSO ☐ I wish to subscribe to NATIONAL REVIEW for one year at the regular $17.50 rate. Please enter my ☐ new ☐ renewal subscription: ☐ payment enclosed ☐ bill me later.

"Goes a long way to explain why the Democrats do not seem to want to nominate anyone for President...."



After reading it one understands why scores of illustrious liberals are flocking to the camp of Jimmy Carter."

—Richard J. Walton, *The Washington Post*

$8.95

MACMILLAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Senator Kennedy's Funny Money

On The Right

New York, June 14—Senator Kennedy has written most provocatively to a number of newspapers challenging an analysis in "On the Right" of his report to the Joint Economic Committee. His reply is given in several seductive paragraphs, and ends with a paternal suggestion. "The next time Mr. Buckley feels the urge to shoot from the hip on economic issues and tax reform, I hope he'll lie down until it passes, or at least check with a responsible economist."

Now Senator Kennedy had written that the notion of the "mushrooming Federal Government" was a "myth." He handles my demonstration to the contrary by holding it up as an example of "how to distort a set of figures." "The big jump in the ratio of federal spending to GNP came between 1951 and 1952, during the Korean War, when it climbed from 13 per cent to 20 per cent. In 1953 the ratio moved up a notch to 21 per cent. Then it settled back, and for the next twenty years it hovered around 20 per cent. So much for Mr. Buckley's progression."

Now look. The following figures, taken from the official documents, are *undisputed*. In 1951, federal spending was 14 per cent of GNP. In 1956 it was 17 per cent. In 1966 it was 19 per cent. In 1975 it was 23 per cent.

Senator Kennedy says: Ah, but the Korean War was in progress in 1952, causing *that* rapid rise. And in 1975 there was the depression, causing *that* rapid rise. In the intermediate twenty-odd years, "it hovered around 20 per cent."

Is Mr. Kennedy asking us to regard as abnormal (14 per cent in 1951) a year in which there is a Democratic President—but no war? Or—at the other end—is he asking us to consider as abnormal (23 per cent in 1975) a situation in which there is a Democratic Congress—and a depression? These would appear to be the planted axioms of his analysis. Because the historical fact is that a) we have risen from 13 per cent to 23 per cent, and that b) the *apparent* stability of the intervening years was directly the result of a decrease in the percentage of the GNP spent on defense. Between 1952 and 1972—the critical twenty years—defense spending dropped from 14.3 to 7.2 per cent of GNP, while federal domestic spending soared from 3.9 to 12 per cent. Federal non-defense spending has been increasing at an accelerating rate—8.9 per cent per year from 1960 to 1965; 12 per cent from 1965 to 1970; 14.7 per cent from 1970 to 1973; and 21.9 per cent from 1973 through the third quarter of 1975.

Here is another factor on which Senator Kennedy does not touch. Between 1951 and 1972, in constant dollars, the average American increased his earnings by about 95 per cent. But the population increase was only about 38 per cent. Accordingly, one notes that the Federal Government, though *apparently* taking the same bite out of the citizen's taxes, was actually increasing its take at about three times the rate of population growth. If, given constant dollars and a constant tax rate, you earn $2,000 a year and the government taxes you 20 per cent, and twenty years later you earn $4,000 and the government taxes you 20 per cent, what is the relevant figure from your point of view? That the government is still taxing you 20 per cent? Or that whereas it *used to* take $400 from you, it now takes 800 dollars?

Moreover, none of this takes into account spending by non-federal governments (total spending at all levels hovered around 33 per cent of national income from 1956 to 1965, but has since risen steadily to about 40 per cent). Those casual one-percentage-point rises in the tax rate, which Senator Kennedy treats like a couple of raisins more or less in the grocery box, represent about $16 billion each.

As for checking my figures with a responsible economist, well, I did so. And if Senator Kennedy thinks him incompetent, why did he vote to confirm him as Secretary of the Treasury? Though, as a matter of fact, the figures are not all that inscrutable, and I'd have had little trouble ferreting them out myself, having earned a degree, however long ago, in economics, passing all my examinations in the subject, without any aid from the public, or even the private, sector. □

THE INTELLIGENCE COMMITTEE

New York, June 11—Without going into the detail of the proposed new law governing the activities of our intelligence agencies, it is reasonable to say that it is designed to bring under representative scrutiny a) what our intelligence agencies are doing; and b) how much money they are spending.

It is critical to ask whether that scrutiny is to be exercised by a committee of legislators who can be counted upon to prefer the public safety to the satisfaction of their own political vanity, but that gets you into problems. How do you say in constitutional language: We are going to set up an oversight committee which will exclude Michael Harrington of Massachusetts? The dear old Constitution prohibits bills of attainder, so you have to come up with legal ways of describing Michael Harrington, and that is a tough one.

Then, as a practical matter, you need to ask whether that oversight committee will stop, automatically, drastic covert actions of the kind that wins popular favor and professional criticism.

The distinction is best drawn from the work of our novelists. I have drawn attention before to *The Day of the Jackal*. Here the protagonist is a hired killer, and his assignment is to execute Charles de Gaulle. The suspense is very great, and the huge bestseller owes that success to the narrowness of de Gaulle's escape. But do you know how the French intelligence people managed to save his life? Well, to begin with they kidnapped somebody from Rome. Getting him to Marseilles, they tortured him, and got from him a couple of words—a clue. Oh yes, he died from the torture.

Then the chief of police (of police, mind you), without any authority from anybody, undertook to tap the telephones not of Joe Kraft, but of every member of the French cabinet. And lo, one of these telephones yielded a yummy conversation between the minister of something and his mistress, who, when the minister was snoring, got up and telephoned her contact within the resistance group that had hired the assassin.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All it took, in other words, to protect the life of the president of France was one (1) kidnapping, one (1) torture, one (1) death, and eleven (11) tapped telephones of the French cabinet. The reading public loved it, and Senator Frank Church or Teddy Kennedy has never held up the book as a reason to deny aid to France.

John Ehrlichman, former aide to Richard Nixon, has written a novel in which President Kennedy orders, at the last minute, the assassination of a priest traveling with the invading army to the Bay of Pigs. The idea is that Kennedy discovered that the Russians would counter our invasion of Cuba and come back at us with nuclear ferocity. On the other hand, the invasion was already launched, and could not be aborted.

The President hit on the idea of destroying the spiritual force behind the military mission: the equivalent of slipping Joan of Arc a mickey finn just before she took on the British. It is not projected that the admirers of President Kennedy will cavil at the action he (allegedly) took, under such circumstances.

The new oversight committee is on the one hand desirable—we *do* need protection against capricious use of intelligence capabilities; on the other hand, it is a schematic example of efforts by lawyers and jigsaw makers to pin down with exactitude the rules by which we govern ourselves in a spontaneous world substantially dominated by tyrants. If we go down, they are saying, it will be with punctilio. □

LIVING UP THE 200TH

New York, June 18—Everybody more or less acknowledges that the Bicentennial, viewed as Central Planning, is something of a flop. The brightest idea of all—Clare Boothe Luce's, not surprisingly—was too simple to engage the attention of our planners. She thought it would be appropriate to bring together the great propulsive documents of the American Republic—the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, the Bill of Rights—and ship them out one each week to the capital of every state, leaving it to the officials of the several states to organize a constellation of activity varied to harmonize with the state's traditions.

The initiative is now with the individual state, and New York has done very well on this score. Everyone is aware of the Great Sail that will take place on the Fourth of July, when the most imposing sailing ships in the world converge south of the Verrazano Bridge, and luxuriate up the Hudson, committing perhaps the greatest sailing spectacular in history. It is expected that ten million people will see the show live, and a hundred million on television. If it rains on July 4, people in this part of the world will simply cancel the Bicentennial.

Much less publicized is an idea that originated with Mr. Duane LaFleche of the *Albany Times-Union* and was developed by Louis Tucker and John H. G. Pell, respectively the executive director and the chairman of New York's Bicentennial Commission. It revolves around a barge. A huge barge. Almost as long as a football field, and almost half as wide. It is used to carry railroad trains on the Hudson River, and for over a year they have been working on it, equipping it as a floating museum wherein to portray the life of the generation of New Yorkers who lived through the American Revolution.

On June 3, it opened to the public at New York City's own perpetual nautical dream child, the South Street Seaport Museum. It will then begin its leisurely course up the great waterways of New York State, scorning neither metropolis nor hamlet.

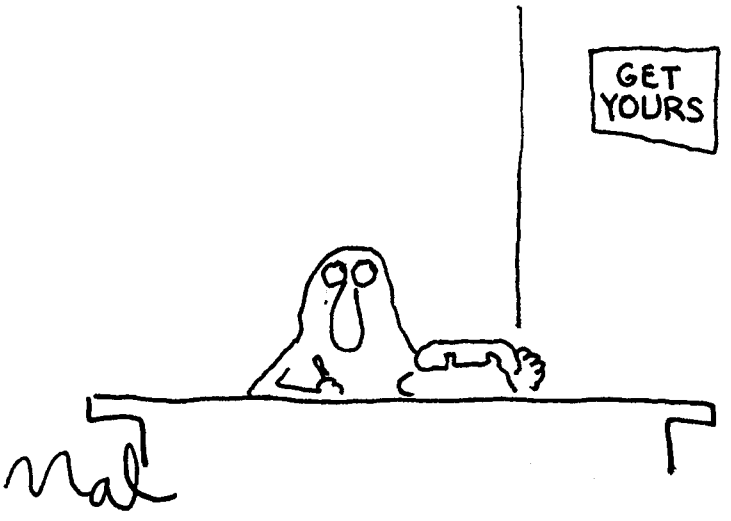
The day after the Declaration was signed, John Adams, in Philadelphia for the occasion, wrote to his wife, Abigail, in Braintree that that day in July would be "the most memorable epocha [sic] in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward forevermore."

When John Adams wrote those words, the elation must have caused his pen to quiver. The language is different in spirit from that of the Provincial Congress of New York, which one week later ratified the Declaration of Independence. There was more sobriety in their words. "Resolved, unanimously, that the reasons assigned by the Continental Congress for declaring the United Colonies free and independent states, are cogent and conclusive; and that while we lament the cruel necessity which has rendered that measure unavoidable, we approve the same, and will, at the risk of our lives and fortunes, join with the other colonies in supporting it."

THE DRAMA of the next 15 years unfolds now in four exhibitions on the Big Barge. The first is on the theme of social dissent and impending conflict. The second on armed rebellion—one-third of all the fighting was done on the soil of New York State. The third on the reconstruction of social order. And the fourth on the establishment of enduring political institutions and ideals.

The simple, homely, utilitarian barge should transfuse some of Adams' idealism and spirit into a state that sometimes seems to be the nerve center of American demoralization. It appears, on reading the papers superficially, that half of New York's officials are under indictment, and that the other half found loopholes. It isn't as bad as that, but it is time not only for all the festivity envisioned by John Adams, but for a great deal of introspection. The Barge is by New Yorkers for New Yorkers. But I'm sure that non-New Yorkers are entirely welcome. So put it down on your itinerary. Address your inquiries to the New York State American Revolution Bicentennial Commission, 99 Washington Avenue, Albany, New York 12210. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Use your noggin plus two bits — 2 54 69 81 76 108 118 143 168 57 / 66

B. The Aleppo stone — 39 165 92 178 173 84 4 74

C. In an agile manner — 49 185 29 137 147 174

D. To give new life to — 58 78 85 42 153 51 144 161

E. What Congress needs to answer telephones — 148 3 10 35 41 132 158 166 89 105 / 186

F. An amplifier — 160 22 113 124 167 6 59 90 82 110 / 155

G. One who obstructs — 172 139 8 53 134 23 138 98

H. A central point — 77 187 116 67 135 149 60 145 106

I. A disease of cattle in South Africa — 7 14 24 46 62 68 70 79

J. A European courser — 87 13 26 45 125 151 159 170 64

K. A home for the tourist — 91 34 1 61 71 121 126 136 162 117

L. Parovarium; Rosenmuller's body — 97 52 72 112 119 130 133 169 175 80

M. An American humorist (1850-1896) — 150 25 65

N. Did this English dramatist ever sing a Christmas carol? — 177 156 32 9 109 43

O. Nucleated cells — 16 28 47 5 19 21 30

P. Forgetfulness of recent events with normal memory for more remote ones — 17 111 164 179 123 107 48 55

Q. Dusk — 31 86 100 140 73 20 183 11 36

R. A type of postal marking — 33 12 180 115 75 95 163 56 103

S. A famous Danish girl — 44 120 88 141 171 181 15

T. What Daedaulus constructed for Minos — 114 152 182 37 176 128 63 102 96

U. A woman's garment similar to a halter — 129 99 38 18 122 94 157

V. A German bacteriologist (1854-1915) — 131 101 104 146 93 50 127

W. Uncultivated — 27 184 154 40 142 83

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 748 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 K	2 A	3 L		4 B	5 O	6 F	7 I	8 G	9 N	10 E		11 Q	12 R	13 J	14 I	15 S	16 O	17 P
18 U		19 O	20 Q		21 O	22 F	23 G	24 I	25 M		26 J	27 W		28 O		29 C	30 O	31 Q
	32 N	33 R	34 K	35 E	36 Q	37 T		38 U	39 B	40 W	41 E	42 D	43 N		44 S	45 J		46 I
47 O	48 P	49 C	50 V	51 D	52 L	53 G	54 A		55 P		56 R	57 A	58 D	59 F		60 H	61 K	62 I
63 T	64 J	65 M	66 A		67 H	68 I		69 A		70 I	71 K	72 L	73 Q	74 B	75 R	76 A	77 H	78 D
	79 I	80 L	81 A		82 F	83 W	84 B	85 D	86 Q	87 J	88 S		89 L	90 F	91 K	92 B		93 V
94 U		95 R	96 T	97 L		98 G	99 U	100Q	101V	102T		103R	104V	105E	106H	107P	108A	109N
110F		111P	112L	113F	114T	115R		116H	117K		118A	119L	120S	121K	122U	123P	124F	
125J	126K		127V	128T	129U		130L	131V		132E	133L	134G	135H	136K		137C	138G	
139G	140Q	141S	142W	143A	144D	145H	146V	147C	148E		149H	150M		151J	152T	153D	154W	155F
	156N	157U		158E	159J	160F	161D	162K	163R	164P	165B		166E	167F	168A	169L	170J	171S
172G	173B	174C		175L	176T		177N	178B	179P	180R	181S	182T	183Q	184W	185C	186E	187H	

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IBM Reports

Depersonalization and the computer

Most of us can't help feeling nostalgic for an earlier, simpler era when most of life's dealings were face-to-face.

But chaos would surely result if we tried to conduct all of our dealings that way today. There are just too many of us. We are too mobile. The things we do are too complex—and the pace of life too fast.

It would be hard to imagine using credit cards or confirming airline reservations, for example, without the help of computers. Yet undeniably, dealing with each other, often at great distance, with machines as intermediaries has brought with it an element of depersonalization that none of us welcomes.

Still, there are compensating benefits.

By handling routine matters routinely, computers free people to deal personally with exceptional cases—and to provide individual attention that is swift and informed.

Thoughtful computer users are programming special consideration into many computer-assisted transactions. For example, airline reservations systems can quickly arrange to meet the requirements of passengers who need a wheelchair or a special meal.

In classrooms, computer-assisted instruction permits students to make progress at their own pace, enabling teachers to give more individual attention.

And in hospitals, where personal attention is critical, computers are relieving nurses and doctors of much administrative detail, giving them more time to spend in caring for their patients.

In spite of such benefits, there is no question that giving individual attention to individual needs becomes increasingly difficult with each passing year. The real question, of course, is whether we all care enough to try.

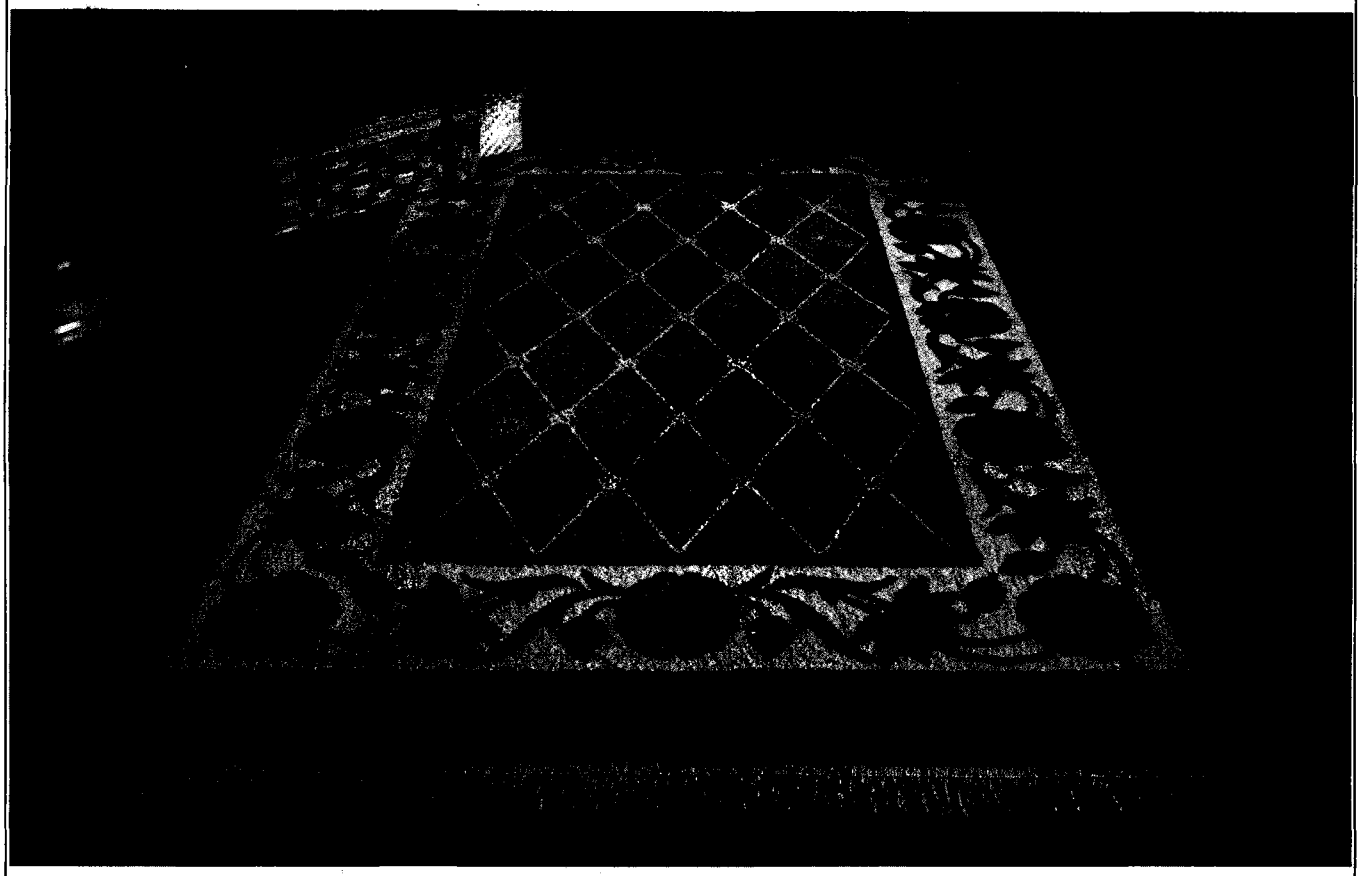
Many organizations which use computers have shown that they do recognize the need to preserve these values and are doing something about it.

For our part, we at IBM are trying to help through the development of products that make it easier for computer users to deal with people as individuals.

IBM®

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

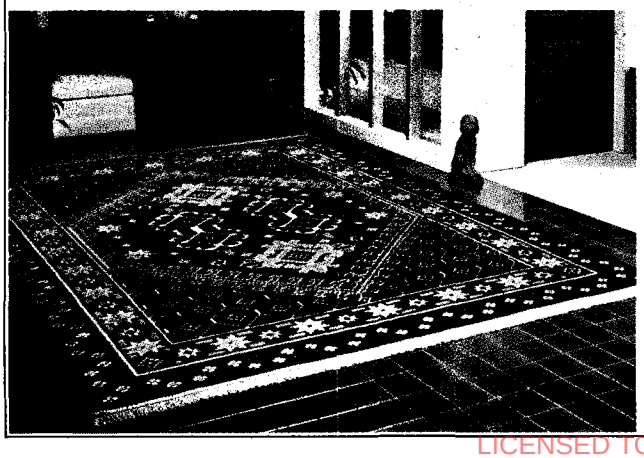
Milliken announces works of art you can step on.



There's no better way to describe our area rugs.

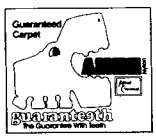
That's why you'll want to make one of them your area rug.

Take the Lorraine, for example. It's a simple, but elegant 18th century French design. And it comes in rich, deep antique colors of Grey, Coral, Celadon, Blue and Brown.



Then there's the Mazagan. A stylized Moroccan rug that will remind you of the ones that are woven by the nomadic tribes of North Africa. It comes in Rabat Red, Oran Orange, Marakesh Black, Berber Brown and Mogodor Green.

Both rugs are made from 100% Anso Nylon, with a five year wear guarantee. And you can get them in 4x6, 6x9 and 9x12 sizes.



They're beautiful enough to hang in a gallery. And priced low enough to put on your floor.

Milliken area rugs. The most affordable works of art you've ever seen. Or stepped on.

MILLIKEN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED